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THIRTY YEARS OF MY LIFE ON THREE CONTINENTS.

TO

MY WIFE,

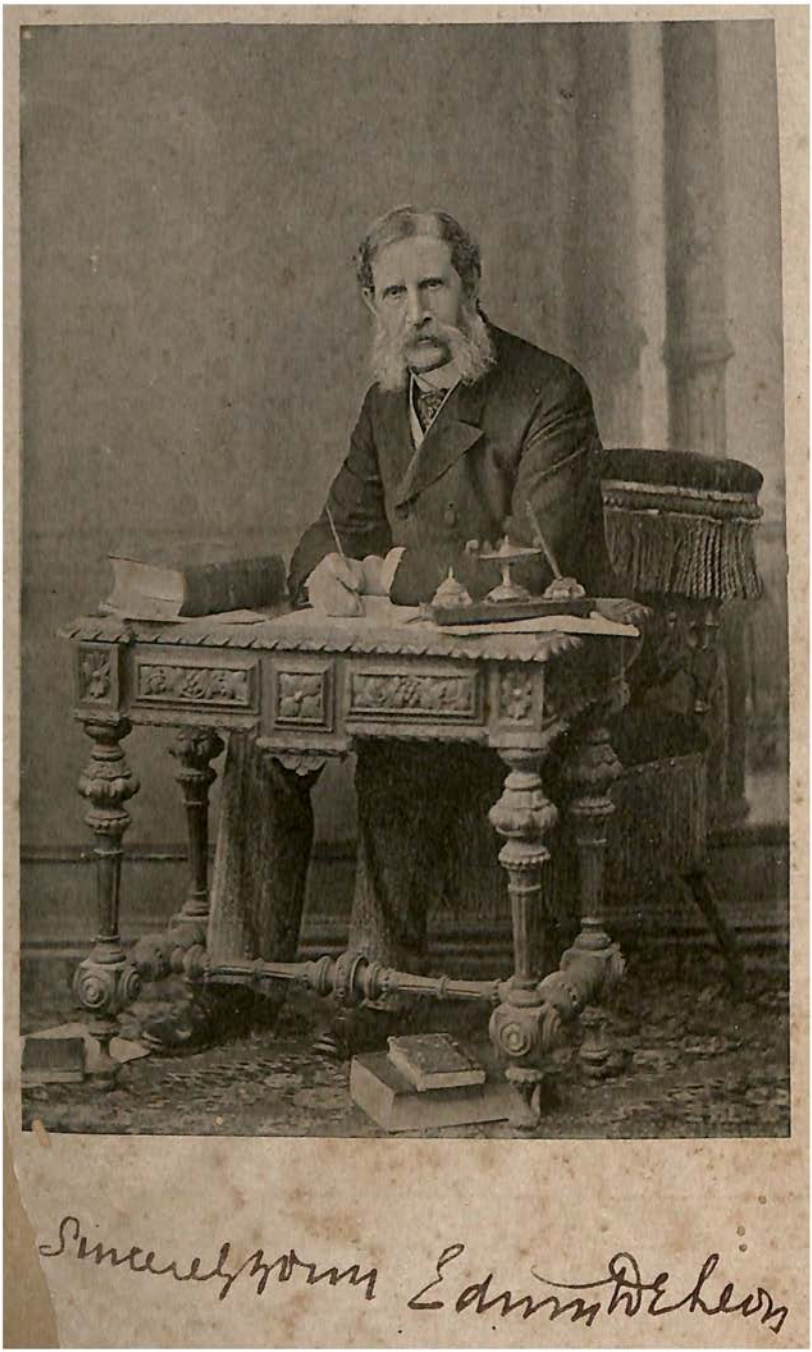
WITHOUT WHOSE INSPIRATION AND AID

IT NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN

COMMENCED OR CONCLUDED,

I gratefully Dedicate

THIS BOOK.



Sincerely yours Edmund De Leon

THIRTY YEARS

OF MY LIFE

ON THREE CONTINENTS

BY

EDWIN DE LEON

FORMERLY DIPLOMATIC AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN EGYPT

WITH A CHAPTER

ON THE LIFE OF WOMEN IN THE EAST

BY MRS. DE LEON

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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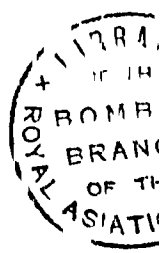

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Apology for Writing Reminiscences—Have seen and known so many Places and People—My Parents and Early Training—"Is the Child the Father of the Man?"—Incident in Illustration—The South Carolina University, Dr. Cooper President—Dr. Lieber, Biographer of Professor Niebuhr—Our Home Circle 1

CHAPTER II.

Life on the old Plantation Thirty Years Ago—Christmas in the Country—White and Black, Master and Slave, how they live together—Some Anecdotes of Negro Character, and of Southern Life . . . 13

CHAPTER III.

Early Wanderings—Visit to Joseph Smith (Mormon Prophet) at Nauvoo, the original Holy City—Arrival, Reception, and Treatment by the Prophet and the Saints—What I Saw and Heard there from Both—Personal Peculiarities of "the Prophet"—Finale of Prophet and City 37

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

My early Legal and Literary Experiences, Drift into Politics and Literature—Invited to Washington by Southern Members of Congress to Co-operate with Them—Washington and its Worthies in the Olden Times—Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Soulé, and his Duel with the French Ambassador at Madrid—Sam Houston and Crockett 74

CHAPTER V.

Literary, Scientific and Artistic Celebrities at Washington—Hawthorne, Morse, Longfellow, W. K. Story, O. W. Holmes, &c.—Friendship between President Pierce and Hawthorne—My Reminiscences of Hawthorne in America, and in Italy—His Introduction of the Marble Faun to me in the Vatican . 97

CHAPTER VI.

My first Glimpses of Lotos Land—Seven days in a Dahabieh between Alexandria and Cairo—Nights on the Nile—Cairo as it then was—My Official Reception by the Viceroy—A Quarrel with the Viceroy—A Strange History and its Sequel . . 123

CHAPTER VII.

Shepheard's Hotel in the Olden Time—Making acquaintance of "a Remarkable Arab," then fresh from Mecca!—My English Colleague Sir Frederic Bruce—We spent Summer at Cairo in Old Palaces, in Oriental fashion—Our Mode of Life . . . 156

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE

Curious Characters at Shepheard's Thirty Years Ago—Dr. Abbott—Burton—De Lesseps. 173

CHAPTER IX.

My Protection of Greek Colony—Exciting Incidents—What it meant—Liberal Offers—What Protection means in the East—Dramas in Real Life . . 192

CHAPTER X.

Visit Greece on Invitation of the King—What I saw there—The Athens of Thirty Years Ago, and the Court and People—Reminiscences—Decorated with the Order of San Sauveur—Athens now and then 215

CHAPTER XI.

Visit Jaffa to Avenge Outrages on Missionaries—Terrible Tragedy perpetrated there by Bedouins and Arabs—Dangerous Condition of the Country—My Life threatened—Kept in a State of Siege for Three Weeks—Insult Governor in his Divan—Dare-devil freaks to intimidate Bedouins—Final Success—Diplomatic Correspondence 246

CHAPTER XII.

Running the Blockade into Confederate States on Floating Powder Magazine—A "Norther" in the Gulf of Mexico—The Incidents of Blockade-breaking—From Havannah to the Coast of Louisiana—Chased

PAGE

and almost Captured by Federal Cruisers—Fired at Two Hundred Times—An Alarm of Fire—Chased under the Guns of a small Fort—Escaped into Bayous in small Row-boats—Two Nights of Mud, Mosquitos and Alligators—Reach New Orleans Six Weeks before Capture 291

THIRTY YEARS

OF MY

LIFE ON THREE CONTINENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Apology for Writing Reminiscences—Have seen and known so many Places and People—My Parents and Early Training—"Is the Child the Father of the Man?"—Incident in Illustration—The South Carolina University, Dr. Cooper President—Dr. Lieber, Biographer of Professor Niebuhr—Our Home Circle.

I WAS born in the first half of the present century in my father's house, at Charleston, South Carolina, in the United States of America.

My wanderings and homes have since been so far remote, and the men and things I have known and seen, so varied, that a record of

some of them may prove interesting to so inquisitive a generation as ours.

I have had the good fortune to have been intimately connected with some of the most stirring events of my epoch, and to have associated familiarly, on three Continents, with the men who have put their stamp, intellectually and politically, on the nineteenth century.

From copious notes, and the storehouse of a most retentive memory, I have drawn my materials for the book which I now venture to present to the public; assuring my readers, that while I have "nothing extenuated," I have not "set down aught in malice," either as relates to the living or the dead, or the work in which they wrought.

To begin at the beginning:——

Five years after my birth my father removed his family, then consisting of my mother and three children besides myself, to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina; and there I was educated, and grew up to manhood.

That little State has since become world-famous,

by having fired the first gun in the four years' war of Secession, which threatened to disunite, but left more firmly united, the States of the American Union.

Wordsworth has declared, in one of his poems, that "The Child is Father to the Man," and the incidents of early childhood are generally cited by all biographers, as foreshadowing the future career of the adult. But I must confess that my own experience does not verify the correctness of this poetic theory. For this opinion I can give an illustration from my own life.

When I was about eight years of age, our house caught fire, and at midnight my elder brother and myself were awakened, and hurried out of the burning dwelling.

In the morning, to the surprise of every one, I was found to be arrayed in my best suit, while my brother wore his everyday clothes.

When interrogated, my explanation was, that as I had the chance of saving but one suit of clothes, I ran to the closet and took out my

best. This little incident was long cited in our household as a proof of my foresight; but the history of my life does not confirm that judgment.

My father was a man of "light and leading" in our small community. His literary taste and culture were very large, as well as his scientific attainments. His medical and surgical skill gave him a high reputation; and he devoted much of his time to the poor and afflicted.

Shakespeare and the English classics he had at his fingers' ends; and I never knew a man who was more apt at a quotation.

He had collected a choice library of many thousands of volumes, English and French, many of which were most rare; among others he had an original folio edition of Shakespeare, and another of Bayle's Philosophical Dictionary; while in the English classics, prose and poetry, his collection was rich indeed. This library was one of the holocausts offered up to the Union at the burning of Columbia; at the

close of General Sherman's occupation of the city.

One of my father's most intimate friends was Dr. Thomas Cooper, son-in-law of the still more famous. Dr. Priestley, of Birmingham, in whose political and religious opinions the son-in-law shared. As President of the University, Dr. Cooper did much in influencing the characters and opinions of the young men of the state, which led to the epigram of Mr. Pettigru; who, in demanding his expulsion from that post by the Legislature, said, "Mr. Speaker! Would I commit the care of my son to a man who believes he has no more soul than an Opossum?" and Dr. Cooper was removed to pacify the religious sentiment of the community.

It must be confessed that Dr. Cooper was a materialist, and more than Voltairean in his creed. But a purer or higher life no man ever led than he; a strange contradiction which I have also seen subsequently in other professed infidels.

But he seldom spoke on such topics, and had

a wide field of information, from which he was ever ready to draw; and the discussions which took place constantly between him and my father, on literary and scientific questions, did much to the development of my mind and character. Another of my father's associates was Dr. Francis Lieber, the biographer of Niebuhr, the historian, and he, too, was a professor in the university. There were several others, also, who constituted a select literary society, and gave an atmosphere to this country town, very different from the ordinary one.

But Columbia was the capital of the State, as well as the seat of its University; and here each winter its legislature assembled and drew together the intelligence, the wealth, and the fashion of the State, and of the adjoining Southern States, of which she was the intellectual leader.

Columbia was a garden city, with broad streets and wide side walks. The shade trees were not only disposed along the side walks, but in some of the wider streets were planted down the

middle in two rows, so that on the hottest day there were coolness and freshness for pedestrians. The houses were of red brick, with wide verandahs running around them. The garden plots in front of each house were spacious, and full of lovely flowers and shrubbery for three-fourths of the year.

For snow and ice were very rare visitors there, although it was north of Charleston, which is semi-tropical.

At Columbia the political capital and University town were agreeably blended, and it was peopled by a community entirely homogeneous and sympathetic. The foreign element did not exist there to any appreciable extent, for the immigration either was arrested at the northern cities, or drifted off to the growing cities and wide uncultivated plains of the west and north-west, where the German, the Irishman, and the Swede and Norwegian have inundated the land.

Foreign immigration could not compete with the cheaper labour of the negro.

The Chinese alone could do this, and hence the expulsion of the Chinaman by legislation and the strong hand. But from all these outsiders the southern communities were free, and enjoyed their immunity from this foreign horde—master and slave sharing and enjoying between them the products of the fruitful soil.

My mother was a very superior woman, endowed by nature with beauty as well as intelligence—one of the most gentle, unselfish, and loving of human beings. She was devoted to her children, of whom she had six surviving; and taught them all the rudiments of English and French before sending them to school. Later on she supervised their school exercises in English and French, and learned enough of Latin to correct any errors in their Latin exercises.

When but eight years of age I was accustomed to read aloud to her, and her friend, Mrs. Preston, wife of our senator, the romances of Sir Walter Scott, while they sat and sewed, as was the custom of good housewives in those early

days, when woman's work was household work, and woman's wit ever exercised in labours of love and charity.

There was something so sympathetic about my mother, that she was the recipient of the confidences of all the younger girls of our society; and her works of charity and benevolence were untiring and unremitting. My elder brother entered the army at an early age, and distinguished himself in the "little wars" with the Indians, on the Frontier, and in Florida, which then occupied the military arm. He entered the capital of Mexico, at General Scott's right hand, when that larger war culminated in the occupation of that city by the American troops.

It will thus be seen how the literary bias of my mind was formed. The political was chiefly given by another friend of my father's, Wm. C. Preston, the golden-mouthed senator from South Carolina in the Federal Congress, and rival to the still more famous John C. Calhoun, his brother senator, the Bismarck of

South Carolina, the great expounder and champion of State rights.

Such were the surroundings of my childhood and youth, and such the early influences which moulded my mind and character.

My father's love of books and literature was an inheritance, as well as his most retentive memory; and at our country residence, near Columbia, whither we resorted during the summer heats, I passed whole days lying under the shade of the pine-trees, devouring books carefully selected from my father's library, until the English classics became familiar to me as household words.

At college also, during the long summer vacations of three months, I was the honorary librarian to the college library, and freely availed myself of that extensive and valuable collection.

I have thus hastily sketched the combined causes which gave me that taste for literature and literary work which has since been the greatest solace of a busy life, almost equally

divided between the world of men and the world of books.

On leaving the University, where I left a good record and took honours, as well as a prominent position in the College debating society as a speaker, I commenced the study of law.

Two years later, having passed the board of examining judges, I commenced the practice of that profession.

Through my successful defence of a man tried for murder—my first case—I was launched at once, and was enjoying a good practice, when diverted from it by politics—then, in the South, the ruling passion with educated young men, especially of the legal profession.

But I practised first for several years, during which time I solaced my sterner labours by literary contributions to the *Southern Quarterly Review*, and other periodicals of the North and South, to which I became a favourite contributor.

Summoned to Washington by the Southern

members of Congress to co-operate with them in enforcing the Southern doctrine of State Sovereignty, through the press, I accepted the invitation; spent four years there, and commenced a new chapter of my life.

CHAPTER II.

Life on the old Plantation Thirty Years Ago—Christmas in the Country—White and Black, Master and Slave, how they live together—Some Anecdotes of Negro Character, and of Southern Life.

BEFORE bidding adieu to the old South, and its shadowy memories of an older day, it may not be amiss to give a correct idea of the old plantation life, its corner-stone, as it existed in the days of my youth.

Born and bred in South Carolina, "my heart untravelled" has ever turned fondly towards my mother, and all the more warmly because of her sufferings and sorrows.

Of Secession, I may say with the Irish statesman, on a somewhat similar occasion, "I sat by its cradle, I followed its hearse;" but do not desire to imitate Lot's wife in retrospective survey of that melancholy episode.

Yet there are memories of a vanished time which it can do no harm to recall.

During the first half of this century South Carolina and her Southern sisters were the abodes of peace, plenty, and pleasure. For nature had been very kind to them, and the relations between the two races which peopled them were those of friendship and kindness. It may be noted that even Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in her romance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," makes her brutal overseer, Legree, a man of Northern, not of Southern birth. That life has melted away like a mist, but pleasant memories of it yet linger in the minds of the survivors of that epoch, recalling its open-handed hospitality, the chivalric honour of its men, the grace and softness of its women. With the exception of Louisiana and the extreme South-West, where the colonists were originally of Spanish and French extraction, and still kept up many of their distinctive traits in life, manners and speech, the ways and habits of the Southern population at large bore close affinity to those of England. Throughout the

Southern country shooting, hunting the deer and fox with hounds, riding, racing, and athletic sports prevailed far more than in the Northern States of the Union, where the Puritan leaven still worked.

In fact, in some respects the Southerners were more English than the English themselves: for the descendants of the Cavaliers in Virginia and elsewhere, retained the old English pronunciation of certain words which had gone into disuse in England since their ancestors emigrated: and thus the Colonists may be said to have preserved the purity of the English tongue better than those who remained at home. But certain it is, that in the United States, the English Puritan leaven in the North-Eastern States, and the Cavalier leaven of the South, have leavened the whole country, despite the immense number of foreigners of every race and tongue that have poured in full flood-tide into America, ever since the Declaration of Independence.

Before the war, Southern life was totally distinct from that of the Northern States. The

former was something *sui generis*, and the "institution" of slavery had much to do in modifying and arranging it. The relations between the white and black races—master and slave—in the Southern States, were partly patriarchal and partly feudal, and the plantation negro was the revival in some respects of the old English Serf, though the lot of the latter was far harder than that of his modern successor.

For the tasks of the black slave were not so heavy—nor the life so dreary—as those of the ancient Serf; and the power of the master over life and liberty far less in the one case than in the other.

The Serf was at the absolute disposal of his feudal lord in life, limb, and service. The Southern slave was the ward of the State, under the protection of a written code of laws, which guarded jealously his life person and comfort, and punished sternly all infractions of the laws of humanity, as well as of laws recorded on the Statute books. With but rare exceptions, the slave was treated with kindness and consideration,

as was his master's interest: but he was regarded as a grown-up child, as his peculiar nature and character required.

Any master who had the reputation of being unkind to his slaves, had also to face social ostracism, through the pressure of public opinion. The reckless and impulsive Southern character had nothing in it that was mean or cruel.

In such rare instances the planter was compelled to sell out, and seek another home. I never knew or heard of a man put under this public ban who was able to resist or support it. The unwritten law was stronger than the written one, and the contempt of a whole community was impossible to endure by even the most hardened and depraved of human beings. The revolt of the public conscience against such conduct effected its speedy cure, or the removal of the offender from the position he had disgraced.

If the actual condition of the slave had been such as romancers and enthusiasts declared it to have been, "the institution" could not have sur-

vived and flourished so long, and have required a four years' war for its extirpation. It would have perished of its own rottenness—and from the abuses it engendered—equally demoralizing master and slave.

The great problem as to whether the two races can dwell in amity under their changed relations has yet to be solved, and the earlier stages of the experiment are not re-assuring.

The race question is leading to much disturbance in the Southern States, and the rapid increase of the black population, which outnumbers the white in many of them, is a grave question with all thoughtful men in the North, as well as in the South.

In the splendid romance of "Ivanhoe," the Great Wizard of the North photographed the changes wrought on Saxon land and life by the Norman Conquest, and especially the status of the Serf—interweaving fact and fancy so deftly that the one embellished and illustrated the other. So truthfully to human nature has he depicted the actual situation, and the men and

manners of that day, that subsequent historians have been compelled to copy the novelist.

In fact, his pen-pictures of that strange transformation scene in English history, give us to-day a clearer insight into that system of White Slavery, than the more pretentious pages of the professed historian.

As though to verify the correctness of the old definition, that "History is only philosophy teaching by example," we, in our day, have repeated the same old story on a larger stage, with somewhat similar results.

The great difference between the two systems and the two combatants has been, that land and language in the later case were the same—and that the Conqueror did not need to cross the sea and introduce an alien people and language. Yet, in other respects, the parallel is almost perfect.

Cedric the Saxon, with his "Born thralls" Gurth and Wamba, wearing their collars round their necks, on which the words, "Born thralls of Cedric," were inscribed, fitly foreshadowed the

Southern Planter and his Slaves; while the Northern Conqueror found his early type in the victorious Norman.

For the changes wrought in the condition of the great English landholders and their agricultural labourers—sudden, sharp, and thorough as they were—did not exceed those which befell the whole Southern population—bond and free—after the Four Years' War.

In both cases the struggle was more than a political one, or a struggle for power; and when the strife ceased, and the clash of arms was heard no more, the trials of Peace proved sterner, in both instances, than the sanguinary struggle of War.

In "Ivanhoe" we see the antagonism of the new elements, before the fusion had been accomplished, which was to blend Norman and Saxon into a homogeneous whole—and make of the compound the English People.

The same process is partially observable on American soil to-day, complicated by the additional element there of the presence of a race no longer servile—but alien in colour, race, and

nature, to the whites of North and South—though born and bred on the soil, and made citizens, with equal privileges to those of their former masters—including the right of suffrage—by Congressional Enactments.

The Saxon thrall was a White Slave—*adscriptus glebæ*, bound to the soil, but of the same blood and race as his master, the Feudal Lord—and to raise him to political equality with that master, was the work only of education and time. Given to him those opportunities, there was no insuperable natural barrier between them.

In the stalwart peasantry of England we now see his descendants; and no dividing line of colour, caste, or inborn diversity of character separates the descendants of Norman or Saxon, nobleman or gentleman, from the freed tillers of the soil, their former serfs.

Herein lies the great difference between the two great social revolutions, which emancipated the two classes of agricultural labourers, and made them free men.

As regards the final solution of the existing

troubles in the South, we must grope in the dark yet for a little while; for history furnishes no precedent for such a situation, and it is as yet too early to judge as to what the end may be. Most possibly it may result in the peaceable or forcible expulsion of the surplus portion of the coloured race, to be colonized in Africa, or elsewhere.

It must not be supposed that all the slaves were placed on exactly the same footing, or were occupied in the same labours. There were many diversities both in their position and their employments, as well as in the amount of liberty granted them by their masters—sometimes everything but their nominal freedom, on the payment of a fixed wage.

There were several classes of slaves—the agricultural or "field-hands," as they were styled, the domestic, or house servants, and the mechanics or skilled labourers; the latter class were often allowed to hire their own time, and pocket their own profits, beyond a stipulated monthly or annual wage to the master; and accumulated

property, which they were allowed to hold and enjoy, although not sanctioned by law.

One of my own old pensioners left his widow, with my consent, several houses and other property which he had accumulated, while in the receipt of an annual pension from me. Such cases were very common under the unwritten law of custom, which regulated the relations between master and slave, in the Southern States.

The agricultural labourer, or "field-hand," was of course ignorant and uneducated; but he was contented and happy, and enjoyed life far more than his more responsible old master, from whose cares and anxieties for the future he was entirely free. After his hours of labour, which were strictly regulated, so as not to overtax his powers or injure his health—with abundant food provided for him—he devoted much of his time to social pleasures, dancing and fiddling being the chief. Endowed by nature with great musical talents, his favourite instruments were the violin and the banjo; and after nightfall the sounds of music and merriment made the negro quarter of the old

plantation, where they were colonized in rows of cabins, as melodious as Memnon's statue at sunrise was wont to be, according to the old poetic fable.

An old African explorer once said, "When the sun goes down all Africa dances." The descendants of the Africans imported into the States of the Union—first into the Northern and then the Southern—kept up the traditions, and the customs of their primitive ancestors, in this respect; and their "breakdowns" and "shuffles," to the music of the violin in the hands of some sable Orpheus, were wonderful to see. Perhaps they displayed more muscle and agility than grace, but after doing their day's work, they were ever ready, men and women, to "dance all night until broad daylight," dispensing with sleep or rest.

They were, in fact, a noisy set of good-natured, rollicking, grown-up children, taking no heed for the morrow, and with but small sense of personal responsibility, or care for their children. For every landed proprietor had to watch carefully that the ordinary sanitary regulations were ob-

served, both by young and old ; and every plantation had its special hospital for the old, infirm, or sickly, who could not be trusted to the care of their nearest relations, when it involved trouble.

They looked up to the master as their providence, and relegated the charge of their children and invalids to him as part of his business. Such was the "field-hand," a purely animal creature, whose ringing laugh resounded a quarter of a mile off, with a spaniel-like affection for "the family," of which he considered himself a part, and a pride in its position and consequence, equal to that of the proudest among them. This reflected importance I once saw curiously illustrated in a wordy war, which took place in the streets of Columbia, between a gentleman's black valet, and a free negro, before a large coloured audience. After exhausting all the ordinary abusive epithets mutually, without much effect on either combatant, the gentleman's valet waved his hand contemptuously towards the freedman, and waved him off, scornfully exclaiming :

"Go away, you poor mean coloured trash! You ain't got no marster!"

And the freed man slunk away, followed by a chorus of inextinguishable laughter, from the negro crowd, which had witnessed this Homeric contention. The curious point was, that the sympathy was all on the side of the man who could boast of a distinguished master; none for the poor waif and estray who had not, and yet was a free man.

The coloured flunkeys had also a habit, which prevails in England among the "yellowplush" fraternity, with whitened heads and faces. They assumed, for the nonce, on festive occasions the names and titles of their masters, and mutually flattered each other by the use of those appellations. Possibly from the effect of early training, I must confess that I respect a black flunkey more than a white one. The race difference seems a plea and an apology for the self-abasement involved in menial service; and the most insolent English lackey never attained to the dignity and self-respect of the black butler of

the olden time in the Southern country. Among the many things which delighted Thackeray in Virginia, this was one of them: and he has not failed to do justice to it, with his inimitable sketches of place and people.

The old family servant was as much an institution of the Southern States as slavery, but with a few survivals of the fittest, he is becoming almost as extinct as the Dodo of the naturalists. For several generations he and his ancestors had served the same family, and identified themselves with its fortunes and traditions. The son was trained to succeed the father, in the performance of his functions, and succeeded as natural and undisputed heir to the inheritance. In the house as in the stable, such was the rule. The women occupied the same relative positions towards "Old and young Missus," as they termed the elder and younger members of the family, whom they usually addressed by their Christian name, with the prefix of "Miss," to married or single.

The great season for hospitality and festivity

on the old plantations used to be at Christmas time. From the Christmas Eve, until the opening of the New Year, not only were the family party assembled, gathered from all their different homes—but a number of guests also, chiefly young people, friends of the head of the house.

The large rambling mansions of the planters were well adapted for the entertainment of numerous guests, and every one was made to feel perfectly at home.

Horses, carriages, guns, and dogs were always at the disposal of the guests, and the unsurpassable negro cooks provided plenteous meals, which in their way might provoke the envy of Parisian gourmets: for the fish and game there were wonderful in their excellence and variety, and the cellar of choice foreign wines came down as an heirloom.

Every night there was a dance, and a week's carnival of harmless dissipation sent the guests home again, with hearts full of charity towards their neighbours, and all mankind.

Shooting, hunting, and fishing *ad libitum*, were

to be had by all who loved sport; and quantities of game were always carried back to town by the returning visitors.

It was as pretty a piece of Arcadia, this Christmas week in the country, as in my varied wanderings I have ever encountered.

Before the war which made the negro his own master, "The Negro Quarter," on each plantation constituted a Colony, subjected to a firm and kindly rule, in the interest both of master and slave. This used to be one of the most curious and attractive sights that little world could offer. This quarter was composed of cabins, grouped together, with narrow streets between, externally as fresh-looking as white-wash could make them, and compulsory scrubbing and sanded floors could make them within.

Generally remote from the planter's mansion and outhouses, and contiguous to the broad fields under cultivation, their cabins had each allotted to them a small patch of land, on which the negroes could raise their own vegetables, pigs, and

poultry, from which they could earn pocket-money, if industrious.

They received supplies of food, or rations, regularly, irrespective of the products of those patches, which were considered, and treated as their private property.

On the plantation there was a hospital or infirmary, with a qualified physician in attendance, where the old, infirm, or ill were carefully tended.. This was an advantage shared by no other class of labourers elsewhere, the wages of the free labourer ever ceasing with his ability to work, and the charges of his illness defrayed, not by his employer, save in charity, but by himself. The alternative is the poor-house, whose tender mercies are depicted in "Oliver Twist" and "Ginx's Baby."

Under "the barbarism of slavery," disabled and aged slaves were, until death, the pensioners of the slaveholders; who could not, if they would, shirk the charge.

The negro quarter was the little world wherein the slave lived and moved in his hours of leisure,

until he was liberated and thrown on his own resources, by no act of his own, direct or indirect, without being consulted, or taking any appreciable part in the process, which wrought out his emancipation. Strange as it may sound to foreign ears, the sympathies of the slave were on the Southern side: and the whole history of the war, and the attitude of the negroes throughout, even to its close, corroborate this startling statement.

The slave took the Southern standpoint, and stuck to it as staunchly as his master, often suffering for his fidelity.

During the war helpless families of women and children were entrusted to the care of the negroes, while the men and youths were far distant, for months together, with the army; and I never heard of a single instance in which that trust was abused. This proves not alone the fidelity of the negro, but his affection for his master's family—his life-long friends.

The voice of prayer and praise used to ascend from those cabins, for the negro women were

great psalm singers, with sweet, if uncultivated, voices, and the men great exhorters.

That peculiar American institution, the "camp meeting," where religious exercises are held for days together under tents in the woods, was one of their great enjoyments.

The masters encouraged religious exercises among them, as producing morality, and enforcing those moral restraints, which their strong animal instincts required, even more than they did with the whites.

They enjoyed the Christmas time also, and held revels quite as enjoyable and much more noisy than the master's, with "hog and hominy" in abundance, and fiddle-scraping and dancing to their hearts' content.

"*Fuit Ilium*"—over master and man the tide has swept and submerged both.

Visiting the Southern plantations has now become a melancholy business.

The change which marks the mansion of the master, and has dwarfed his hospitalities, has not left unvisited the negro quarter. The cabin of

the freedman wears a more forlorn, dilapidated and neglected look than even the residence of the planter. The old sounds of mirth and melody proceed no longer from cabins whose former garden plots are now overgrown with rank weeds, wherein pigs or poultry are no longer to be seen, but only half-famished cur dogs of most thievish aspect. The freedman is certainly a sadder, if not a wiser, man than he used to be. His new responsibilities weigh heavily upon him, and on the women too. The charge of wife and children imposed by freedom is felt as a heavy burden by the thoughtless husband and wife: and they shirk the duty as far as they can, and the lot of the younger generation is not a happy one. There are exceptions, of course, but such seems the general rule. Immediately after the war, and for a few years afterwards, the experiment of planting on shares with the liberated slaves was attempted throughout the Southern States. But it did not work well either for the landed proprietor, who furnished the implements of agriculture, and made provision for the

labourers in food and lodging, or for the freedman who worked on shares.

For it was found that his labour was too intermittent in the first place, and his perpetual demand for advances on his prospective share, rendered the profits *nil* to the proprietor or capitalist of the concern.

One of my friends, a very large planter and owner of slaves before the war, was actually driven abroad to escape the exactions of his former slaves, who would not leave the old plantation, and whose piteous appeals for help were so constant and so large, as to drain him of all the money he could command. His old slaves would come to him and say to him, "Master Wally, you won't turn us out of our cabins, and you will help us to live, for we were always faithful to you."

He found working on shares with such as would work—for many of them would not or could not—was impoverishing him without benefiting them. So, in sheer desperation he went to Washington City, and obtained the appoint-

ment of consul abroad, without even asking the salary: and sought refuge there from his too affectionate and pertinacious ex-slaves, several hundreds in number.

Going away and leaving his plantation, entailed of course a heavy loss upon him; but staying there, while these incumbrances remained, was utter ruin, so he had to adopt this royal remedy; to rid himself of his old retainers.

This was by no means an isolated case, and the share system had to be abandoned. The great bulk of the former slaves are still working on the plantation on the old system, but supporting themselves and their families, and getting only "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work;" an arrangement which is more advantageous to the landed proprietor, and less so to them, than the former system. It is a curious fact that the last census shows an immense development in the wealth and produce of the Southern States, since the war, and the liberation of the slaves. The cotton crop had doubled from four to eight millions of bales per annum, and other products

in proportion. The wealth of the population has increased in like ratio.

So we may say that war, as Shakespeare says of the toad, "though ugly and venomous, bears yet a precious jewel in its head."

CHAPTER III.

Early Wanderings—Visit to Joseph Smith (Mormon Prophet) at Nauvoo, the original Holy City—Arrival, Reception, and Treatment by the Prophet and the Saints—What I Saw and Heard there from Both—Personal Peculiarities of "the Prophet"—Finale of Prophet and City.

It seems an exceptional case that a man living in the nineteenth century, should not only have seen and conversed with, but enjoyed the intimacy of, a living "Prophet," and founder of a faith, numbering many thousands of votaries, whom it is apparently impossible to suppress by reason or force.

Yet such has been my curious experience, and I propose briefly to record it.

It was in the first half of the present century, that Joseph Smith, junior, of Western New York, an obscure poor and partially educated labouring man, conceived and carried out the idea of founding a new faith, which was to be a later

Revelation than Christ's or Mahommed's, but embodying the leading tenets of both.

There is much discussion as to when and where this idea dawned on the mind of Smith, and from whence he got the materials for his "Book of Mormon"—Mormon Bible—which he himself certainly was not capable of composing.

The most generally received version is, that there fell into his hands the MSS. of a consumptive young student of divinity, who died early, and who had written this parody in continuation of the Scriptural narrative for his own amusement; with no view to its publication, far less such a use as was made of it, in the unscrupulous hands into which it finally fell.

Be this as it may however, certain it is, that Joseph Smith, junior, got possession of some MSS., and straightway began to have "Revelations," and discover "silver plates" in hieroglyphic character, and assume the double character of Moses and Mahommed in playing his rôle of "Prophet" in the New World, in the midst of the

most practical and hard-headed people apparently whom the world has ever seen.

The marvel is that he should have done so successfully, and that the imposture should have survived the impostor, who, though a vulgar and uneducated, was yet certainly no common man—a kind of vulgar Cromwell, both in looks and in character, with the same control over his associates, many of whom were far cleverer men intellectually than he.

Shortly before the close of the first half of this century this man had succeeded, not only in establishing a new faith, but in founding a colony at Nauvoo in Illinois, on the upper waters of the Mississippi river, composed of several thousands of disciples. Their ranks were swollen by a constant influx from Europe of converts, made by missionaries who "traversed sea and land" for that purpose, in imitation of the earlier Apostles of the Christian faith, and with means and resources apparently as inadequate as those of their precursors.

At first their neighbours, the Missourians, a

hardy and reckless race of pioneers, treated these strange fanatical interlopers with contemptuous indifference; but after longer acquaintance that contempt changed into hatred, and even to fear. For, acknowledging no affinity, and holding no social intercourse with their "Gentile" neighbours —as they termed them in the cant of their conventicles—the Mormons were banded into secret organizations, one of which, "the Danites," had for its chief objects robbery and murder, perpetrated on all who were not of "the Saints," as the Mormons characterized themselves. So when not only herds of cattle crossing the prairies, but even bands of colonists travelling west, were "raided," robbed, and murdered by bands of marauders, who, though often masquerading as Indians, were known not to be so; and stories of this "Danite band" became rife in Missouri, the stalwart bordermen pointed significantly to their rifles, and requested the Mormons, with their Danites and other organizations, to leave their neighbourhood, and emigrate further west, that their people and their cattle might occupy the

land in peace, as before the advent of the "Saints." A state of quasi-blockade of Nauvoo, and non-intercourse with its people, resulted from this state of feeling; yet the Mormons showed no signs of fear, but stood their ground, grimly defiant, under the leadership of their Prophet, who defied the "Gentiles" to remove or molest him and his people. He relied on the protection of the Federal Government, and of public opinion in the United States, which he deemed sufficient to shield both him and his followers.

It was while this state of things prevailed on that North-Western frontier, that my visit to Nauvoo, and acquaintance with "the Prophet," were made.

It happened, during the three months' summer vacation of the South Carolina University, of which I was then a student, that, accompanied by one of my fellow-students, I was enjoying travel and amusement in the Northern States—at Saratoga and other fashionable resorts. We had both very much exhausted the round of amusements at

those places, and having chanced to read in New York journals an account of the threatened border warfare between the Missourians and Mormons, our hot young heads were inspired with the idea of going to witness these strange sights in the Far West, then infinitely farther off and rougher than now, when railways have made extremes meet all over the United States. It took us but little time to prepare for the excursion, but much of our travel after reaching the West had to be done, firstly in the old-fashioned stage-coaches, and later in rough springless carts, over prairies innocent of regular roads. We took our provisions, both of meat and drink, with us, and "roughed it," even more thoroughly than in Eastern travel over the desert. Our journey across the prairies of Illinois was not devoid of interest, or even of adventure. As we journeyed through the sea of grass, in early autumnal days, on horseback or in a cart, we saw strange, panoramic views of real or imaginary landscapes, not unlike some of the illusions of the mirage on the Eastern deserts, which at a later period excited my wonder and

admiration. The silence and solitude of these prairies—across which only occasionally skulked a coyote wolf, bounded a rabbit, or fluttered the prairie fowl—were as impressive as the vast stillness of the desert. With the substitution of sand for short grass, when the exhalations rose from the heat of the sun, and the tops of the long grass swayed gently before the breeze, stirring them, as it were, into waves and ripples, it required but a slight stretch of fancy to believe you were at sea; for sometimes nothing but the outline of the horizon bounded your view on the treeless prairies. Then, too, a prairie on fire is a grand spectacle, if a dangerous one—the billows of flame surging up into the air like mighty waves, veiled or flashing through the dense rolling clouds of dun-coloured smoke. Before it, in a mad race of frantic terror, the denizens of the prairie, driven from their lairs—wolves, foxes, deer, rabbits—fly in consort, forgetting enmity or fear under the pressure of a common danger.

Not infrequently the traveller gets lost on the

prairie, when imprudently galloping off to hunt deer, fox, or wolf, and finds night close in, without having the slightest conception as to where his companions are camping. After fruitless discharges of his gun, without response, he tethers his horse, wraps himself up in his blanket, and sleeps under the stars—twinkling brightly above him—awakened occasionally by the howl of a coyote, or some other nocturnal prowler, but without fear; for those prairies very rarely shelter any wild animal dangerous to man.

The dwellers on the prairies in those days were a curious race, hanging on to the skirts of civilization, and adopting many of the primitive Indian and backwood habits. The melancholy fact must be admitted that the men, relapsing into Indian savagery, and devoting themselves to hunting, left the women—who were not representatives of the softer sex by any means—to do most of the hard work, and all the household drudgery. The cultivation of the ground was also done by women. One lean, almost unsexed woman, replying to my query as to how she liked

the prairies, replied: "Stranger, this is a good country for men and dogs, but mighty hard on women and oxen." Her description was just, for we saw the men and dogs living the free hunter's life, while the women and oxen had to cultivate the soil, and do the drudgery. So we were not in want of amusement or sport on the way, long and fatiguing as was the route before reaching St. Louis, the capital of Missouri, and great river city of the West.

It still remains, in its older portions, a relic of the Spanish dominion in the North-west, with its sharp-peaked and gabled houses testifying to its former Spanish occupancy and control, in the olden time. Americanized as the city has been of late years, at the time of my visit there its old stamp was still strong upon the more ancient parts of the city.

For if the impress of French occupation and dominion still linger in Louisiana and on the Lower Mississippi, in the character of the buildings and aspect of the people, as well as in the language, just as strongly does the Spanish assert

itself in California, and at St. Louis, near the riverside, giving you glimpses of the days of the old Caballeros, whose manners and lives Bret Harte has so skilfully reproduced in his inimitable sketches in verse and prose. They have almost entirely vanished now, like the delicate frost work of a winter's morning under a mid-day sun. But when we were *en route* for Nauvoo, in that earlier morning of American civilization, the old landmarks still stood out defiantly in decay against the encroachments of the "coming race," who had pushed away the Spaniard and sat in his seat.

When, after a few days' rest at the chief hotel at St. Louis, we broached our idea of visiting Nauvoo, and the "Prophet Joseph," to some of our new friends, they seemed to entertain doubts, either as to our seriousness or sanity, in attempting such a hare-brained freak, and when they found we meant to carry out our intention, warmly expostulated against our doing so.

They painted the Prophet and his Saints in the blackest colours, as a set of outlaws and assas-

sins, and avowed the intention of the people of Missouri of "wiping them off the face of the earth" within a very short period of time, if the Federal Government did not take some speedy steps to remove them as a nuisance.

They declared that neither our lives nor our property would be safe among those outlaws, and futhermore, that in consequence of the strained relations existing, none of the steamers passing by Nauvoo stopped there to land either passengers or freight; and that practically the place was under embargo, and in a state of blockade.

This information only served to add fuel to the flame of our curiosity, and being hot-headed, reckless boys, we were the more stubbornly bent on carrying out our purpose, heedless of the risk such an enterprise might entail.

We made our arrangements with one of the river steamboats passing Nauvoo, to stop in the stream, opposite the city, and leave us and the single trunk we carried, on the bank, by sending

a small boat ashore with us ; and with lugubrious farewells from our friends at St. Louis, embarked for the land of "The Saints," not without some secret doubts as to the wisdom of the proceeding.

My friend and companion—who, long years since has gone over to the great majority—was a good sketcher, and he was determined to take away the Prophet's head with him, having artfully prepared the paper for his sketch in the crown of his hat, so as to do it unobserved.

And so, like two knights errant of Arthur's Table Round, we sallied out on our quest—not of the "Holy Grail," but of the new Anti-Christ, who had built up a city and a creed in those Western Wilds.

The steamer stopped in mid-stream. My friend and myself, with one trunk between us, got on board a small boat and were rowed to the landing opposite. There they dumped us and our luggage down, and left us standing alone on the bank, with not a soul in sight ; and we felt rather forlorn and somewhat foolish, it must be confessed.

For evidently no one was expected there, and no preparation made for visitors. A broad road led up from the wharf to the town, which seemed composed of squat low buildings scattered among shade trees, giving the place the air of a country village.

The City of Nauvoo was distant from the wharf about half a mile up a straight road, and while my friend and myself were discussing the expediency of shouldering our trunk and proceeding to the town, we saw a cart rapidly coming down the road towards us, with two men in it. When they reached us they stopped and alighted, and addressed us without any form or ceremony—"Where do you come from? and What do you want here? Have you any letters of introduction for the Prophet, or the Elders, that we may know you are not spies from Missouri?"

They were both rough, common-looking men, and neither their manner nor mode of address was friendly, or even polite. But we put the best face on the situation, and simply told them

the truth as to who we were, and whence we came, and that curiosity, more than any other motive, had brought us there. After much questioning the men conferred together, and then asked us where we proposed to go; whether we had letters to anybody at Nauvoo, who would take us in—for there was no public-house for accommodation of strangers at Nauvoo; the few visitors that came on business stopped with friends.

We replied that we had no letters for any one, and knew nobody in the town; so must rely on their kindness to find us a resting-place. After conferring again, they threw our trunk into the cart, told us to jump in, got in themselves, and we rattled up into the town, meeting no one on the way, and seeing no one in the streets.

It looked like a deserted city—not a sign of life being anywhere perceptible in the streets or the houses. The buildings were chiefly constructed of wood, two stories high, and in appearance resembling one square box

on top of another. There was not a large or imposing house in the town. Everything seemed to be on a dead level of equality in this City of the Saints—which looked like a large Communistic establishment.

They took us into a house, gave us something to eat, and again plied us with questions about ourselves, endeavouring to pump us.

After a plain early dinner they told us they would take us to see the Prophet in the morning, and we could explain everything to him; and that it was for him to decide whether we should be allowed to remain at Nauvoo a short time, as we desired, or whether we should be sent back to Missouri by the same route we had come. They intimated that the Prophet was not fond of having "strange 'Gentiles' poking about the City"—but we should see him in the morning.

We were then taken upstairs to a garret room with a sloping roof, and one window at the gable end. There was a small cot in it, and a mattress laid on the floor in the corner.

They objected to bringing up our trunk, so we went down and took our night clothes out of it, leaving it below. We then ascended again, and went to bed, first piling up the chairs in front of the door, for there was only a latch upon it, and no lock, and we did not feel perfectly easy in our minds as to the charitable intents of our unprepossessing hosts below stairs.

I took the cot, and my friend stretched himself at length on the mattress on the floor. Each of us carefully examined his revolver, and placed it under his pillow, to be ready for any emergency which the night might bring. Then being young, reckless, and very tired, we both went to sleep. But we were destined to be awakened near daylight, by a very startling occurrence; for, with a prodigious crash and clatter, down came the chairs with which we had barricaded the door and into the garret room through the open door strode what seemed to me the most truculent-looking ruffian my eyes had ever rested on. In the moonlight, which

flooded the room through the unshuttered window, his form loomed up gigantic. His pantaloons were tucked into his boots, which were splashed with mud up to his knees; on his head a most bandit-looking slouched hat, in a leather belt around his waist was thrust a huge pair of horse pistols. Little could be seen of his face, for an enormous beard which concealed it, but his eyes glittered fiercely and menacingly as they rolled from one to the other of us, as we lay shamming sleep, but each with his finger on the trigger of his revolver, ready to fire at the first agressive action on the part of our unexpected visitor. But to our great relief the man did not seem to be meditating mischief, and growled out several oaths, rather of surprise than anger. Striding up to my cot, he laid a heavy hairy hand on my chest, saying, "Wake up! what the d—l is all this? who are you, anyhow?" Satisfied that there was no danger in a midnight visitor who adopted this form of address and of action, I felt greatly relieved, yawned, and plaintively replied, "It is only

me." "What the h—ll is *me* doing in my bed, then; and where did *me* come from?" was the answer. Then ensued an amicable colloquy, when, having gratified his curiosity, this typical border ruffian strode away, saying, "Well, it is too late to go to bed now, so have your sleep out. But they had no business to tuck you into my bed, anyhow." We afterwards got to know this man very well; and he was very communicative, and told us a great many things. He was an unmitigated ruffian, from the New York slums, and subsequently hung by the Missourians as a chief of the Danites, who used to "spoil the Egyptians" on the prairies. But he was so much amused at the audacity of two boys doing what we did, that he quite took us under his protection. Had I been a little more nervous, or more ready with my revolver when he stood over me, the Missourians might have been deprived of the pleasure of shortening his days. As it was, we only got a fright, and no other harm was done.

He told us afterwards, that after we had gone

upstairs to bed, our Mormon hosts had dexterously picked the locks of our trunk, and examined its contents, to see if we might not be spies sent by their enemies the Missourians. He added quietly, "Had they found anything to excite their suspicions, I do not think you two young gentlemen would ever have found your way back to St. Louis; but, luckily, they did not."

The next morning we were taken to see the Prophet, at his own private house, which was not larger or better than most of the houses at Nauvoo. It was furnished like the rest, with the severest simplicity—wooden chairs and tables of the commonest description; the walls bare of all pictures or decorative art. At that time the Prophet had not publicly promulgated the doctrine of polygamy, and professed to live with one wife only—"Sister Emma," as she was called, a gaunt, stern, hard-visaged woman of middle age. There were, however, several young women in the house, whom he termed his nieces, but who probably bore a closer relationship than

was avowed at that time. The face of Sister Emma was not a happy one, and her treatment of the nieces that of an unhappy, soured and jealous woman.

The Prophet himself rose up from a cane-bottomed chair, and shook hands with us, without any affectation of sanctity or formality. There was nothing priestly about him, in dress, appearance, or manner; indeed, he looked like a coarse countryman. I was struck with his resemblance to the portraits of Cromwell—the same strong rugged outline of face, the square jaw, and the portentous nose, all were Cromwellian, a little in caricature. He had also the same ungainly heavy figure as the great Puritan, and the same talent for hiding his meaning under many words, plentifully garnished with scriptural quotations and phrases. This was his only clerical attribute, but it was common to all the Saints, who lugged in scriptural texts, and used the Bible phraseology in all their ordinary conversation. It was probably less marked in the Prophet than in the bulk of his followers, who

surpassed the old Puritans in that respect. I observed that they quoted infinitely more from the Old Testament than from the New, or from their own Mormon Bible, which was a hash of the two Testaments unskilfully put together.

The Prophet seemed hugely tickled at our coming to see him and his people, and said we were welcome to see and hear all we could about Nauvoo and the Saints.

His mood changed when he spoke of the Missourians, and his eye glared, when he invoked the judgment of God against them for their persecution of his people. He said, if they came to attack him without authority, he would resist them to the death. He said, "I want you to write that to your friends at Washington and the Southern States. We are able to defend ourselves against robbers and murderers, and we will." The Prophet spoke very fluently, but ungrammatically, like an uneducated man; but he possessed the gift of a rough eloquence, and could be most persuasive when he tried.

His complexion was sallow and muddy, his head and frame bulky, his eyes and hair dark. The expression of his countenance was often jovial. He never resorted to cant, except when it was unavoidable, with his "elders" and councillors. Then he was Cromwellian in the piety and incoherence of his utterances. To show the simplicity of his manners and the absence of pious pretension, one anecdote will suffice. We were sitting beside him on the public green, where the people were amusing themselves with rustic sports, and exhibitions of strength, when a man came up, and asked permission to use the Court House to give an exhibition of strength that night.

"Do you want the people to pay you for seeing them?" asked the Prophet. "Yes," was the answer. "Do you not know I never allow public exhibitions for pay?" asked the Prophet. The man muttered that this was not a show. "Are you so much stronger than other people?" inquired the Prophet. The man replied in the affirmative. "Well then," repeated the Prophet

"if you can throw me right here, in a wrastle on the green, I will give you permission." The man looked dubiously at the girth and bulk of the head of the Mormon faith, felt the muscles of his arm, and declined the proposition. Then arose the Prophet in great wrath, saying: "You impostor! if you don't leave this place right away, I will make the boys duck you in the lake yonder." And the man departed without further orders.

A queer kind of Prophet that!

But this strange blending of the common and ludicrous, with a religious fanaticism as grim as that of Cromwell's Ironsides, ran through every phase of this strange community, men and women alike. The contrasts were so sudden and so striking, as to astonish you. The Prophet's authority was more absolute than that of the ancient Patriarchs, and it had a purely religious basis. His people revered and blindly obeyed him. His word was law, he had only to declare that he had "received a revelation" that certain things should or should not be done, and

no man dared question him, or fail in obeying his orders. He had beside him, among his "elders," men intellectually far superior to himself, such as Sidney Rigdon, and Brigham Young, who after the Prophet's death became the Joshua of the Mormons, and led them into their Canaan: but they never dared, any one of them, to dispute their master's word or authority.

At the period of our visit he had not openly avowed the plural wife system; that was one of the secrets divulged only to the initiated, to the brothers and sisters of the faith, who doubtless practised it. For I observed that, in almost every house, the women greatly out-numbered the men. I even ventured, when I became familiar with "the Prophet," to comment on the curious variety among his nieces, and the want of any family resemblance among them. There was a sly twinkle in the prophetic eye, as he poked me in the ribs with his forefinger, and rebuked me, exclaiming, "Oh, the carnal mind, the carnal mind!" and I thought it discreet not to press the subject.

On another occasion he took us to see what he called the Mormon Temple, in imitation of Solomon's. But on my observing that the windows of the Temple bore a suspicious likeness to the embrasures of a fort—which the whole solid stone structure resembled, dominating as it did the Mississippi River — I again received a poke in the ribs, and a repetition of my possessing "a carnal mind." He gave no other contradiction, and the Missourians did not allow him to live long enough to complete the Temple, or the Fort, whichever it may have been designed for.

The immorality was all under the surface, and in one respect Nauvoo was the most model community imaginable. There were no public-houses, no drinking places, no purchasing of liquor, no theatres, and no places of public amusement or immorality. They were literally a people without amusements, and the police of the place was perfect. I never heard of a crime during the period of our stay there, or even of a police report.

It was strictly a communist community, and the Church was the depositary of all the gains of that community, and Joseph Smith was practically the Church.

Their Church service was modelled on the Methodist, and of the simplest kind. The Sunday service, held in an open grove on the banks of the river, was very impressive. The Prophet exhorted with rude eloquence from some Scripture text, and the whole community, seated on benches under the trees, joined in the hymn as it was given out by the Prophet, the rushing waters of the mighty Mississippi making a melody which served as an accompaniment.

The Prophet himself was apparently the most vivacious of his people. The men generally had a surly manner, and were sparing of speech. Of mirth and jollity there was none in the City of the Saints. The women looked worn and woebegone, and took not the slightest care of their personal appearance, or of their dress; they wore the coarsest clothing, most clumsily made up. The men were equally indifferent as to their rai-

ment; they all looked like rough farmers; there were no men of leisure among them, and all were on the same dead level socially.

But the strange anomaly of the secret immorality, which we strongly suspected even then, as underlying all this austere puritanism of life and manners, but which was hidden from the "Gentile" or stranger, startled and perplexed us. Young as we were, we could see through the thin crust of propriety and decency which hid the real life of this grim people; and it revolted us. Puritanism and sensuality seemed strange bedfellows.

But I am anticipating. Our first meeting with the Prophet was the crucial one; for we at once established friendly and confidential relations with the spiritual head of the community, which carried us safely through a very ticklish, and as we afterwards learned, a very perilous position. For my friend and myself might have disappeared, like bubbles from the water, had the Prophet so willed it; and owing to our not taking ordinary precautions in advance, no human being would

ever have been able to trace what had become of us.

But whether from a whim or fancy for us personally, on the part of this religious autocrat; or whether from a politic purpose on his part to utilize us, in producing more favourable impressions of himself and "Saints" in other parts of the country; certain it is, that our treatment, during our two weeks' stay at Nauvoo, was the kindest that could be imagined. We were almost made members of his family, he took us everywhere with him, and showed us everything it suited him to expose: parrying all indiscreet questions with a good humour and tact that were invincible.

As we had no means either of verifying or weighing his statements, of course we had to accept them; but we formed our own private judgment from personal observation of minor matters and incidental discoveries.

After our first visit the ice was broken, and every morning we visited the Prophet, and passed most of the day in seeing the sights and the

people of Nauvoo, under his guidance, and with the light of his explanations.

Undoubtedly what we thus saw and heard was passing strange, and differing widely from the usages and manners of all other communities familiar to us. In this "City of the Saints" there was no pauperism, nor any possibility of its existing. The laws provided against it, and the Prophet and his elders sternly enforced the laws. If any member of the community, male or female, was without means, or the mode of procuring them, employment was given, and a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. Idlers were not permitted, whether elegant or inelegant. Every one was forced to work, and if he could not invent the way the elders did so for him. Out of every man's earnings, the Church tithe (one-sixth, I think) was deducted, or, if not paid in money, had to be made up by devoting one day in each week to public works.

A more thorough Socialistic system, embracing the entire community, human wit or wisdom

never devised than that which prevailed at Nauvoo, and worked with perfect success as far as material results were concerned. As regards its moral aspects, that was another matter. As to its spiritual influences, perhaps the less that is said the better, for Mormonism was not based on dreams or theories, like those of Rousseau and his disciples, but on the lowest materialism and sensuality. Circe's sty was never more full of animalism, and the coarsest creature comforts were all that the population seemed to need, to rest contented. There was no literature, no learning, no culture, no art, and little that could be called music, among the human swine that grovelled and grew fat in those pastures; and yet they seemed not only to be content on that low level, but willing to brave danger and death, and even play the part of martyrs to ensure its continuance. Their feeling towards "their Prophet"—a man in no way elevated above their level, and whose rule was more despotic than that of the Cæsars of the olden time—was

almost marvellous, and sickening to see. The wonder was how he obtained such a mastery over such coarse materials, and how he contrived to retain it to the very hour of his death, and afterwards; for his memory was held as dear by them as his presence had been, and the men who led them to Salt Lake, over the desert, were simply obeyed as the apostles of the Prophet! All about the saintly life we learned in our daily excursions with "The Prophet," who urged us to give good reports abroad; and to his persuasions we lent apparently willing ears.

For we felt we had been caught, through our own heedlessness, like rats in a trap. To enter was easy, but to escape difficult and dangerous: so, with the old Greek, we thought it wise to "eke out the lion's skin with the fox's," and pretended to be deceived by the plausible statements and explanations of the great head of the Mormon Church, in things temporal if not spiritual. To do him justice, he did not interest himself to the slightest extent in our spiritual welfare, or in ex-

pounding the religious tenets he had made the basis of his Church. We were to go forth as missionaries when we left Nauvoo, but as political, not religious ones, who would paint the "Missouri Ruffians" in black and the Prophet and his "Saints" in white. If we would only do this, his end would have been gained; for we were impartial witnesses. In the interval, the news from St. Louis grew more and more threatening, and the embargo more strict. In fact, the strictest non-intercourse prevailed between the hostile camps, except when a "Danite band" made a raid over the prairies. Our friend, "The Border Ruffian," who had roused me from my peaceful slumbers the first night of my stay at Nauvoo, invited us to join some of these nocturnal "rides," as he termed them, but we respectfully declined. So we won the Prophet's confidence, in as far as such a man would confide, except to make dupes, and saw that the door of our trap was now open, whenever we chose to leave or escape. We were induced

to bring this consummation about, for sundry reasons.

One of these was that the place being very dull, and the nieces of the Prophet very attractive and pleasing to look upon, some little philandering had taken place between one of them, a blonde, and myself, and I was warned by my companion that the keen eyes of the holy man had observed the fact.

He therefore counselled that we should not tarry longer at this Jericho, but bid farewell to the Prophet and the Saints—if they would let us.

Acting on this suggestion, at our next visit we found the Prophet quite ready and willing to "speed the parting guests," who must have begun to bore him.

He agreed to make the necessary arrangements for our returning by the same route we came—which was, in fact, the only available one—and our parting was a most fraternal one. We promised that we would do justice to him and his

people, in contradicting the slanders circulated against both by their enemies, and would state fully and frankly all we had seen or learned during our visit to Nauvoo, and intercourse with him. All this and more we said, and to it did the Prophet his ear most seriously incline, and confirm our friendly resolutions.

Within two days' time we were notified that all the arrangements for our departure had been made, and went to pay our parting visit to the Prophet and his family. He received us with his usual kindness, and again impressed upon us the justice of vindicating him and his people from unjust aspersions, which we were able to do. He told us that he had just received most threatening messages from Missouri, and that the Federal Government seemed to have been won over by his enemies, who were charging him with complicity in the crimes of the "Danites," and demanding he should be brought to trial—which, he added, means to death. He drew some parallels between his case and that of the

Saviour, which I do not care to repeat; but looked as though he felt the shadow of a coming doom impending over his head. But he showed no hesitation and no fear; and was determined not to seek safety in flight, as he might have done. So we were taken down to the landing-place on the river again, a little boat came off from the steamer in the stream, and we wended our way back to St. Louis, where we became the lions of the hour.

Within three weeks' time the Mormon Prophet had surrendered himself up to the Sheriff of the County, and had, with several of his saints, been placed in the county jail to await his trial for complicity in various crimes and misdemeanours charged upon his people. While in jail, a band of Missourians attacked the place, and sought to gain possession of their persons. Armed to the teeth, and knowing the "tender mercies" that awaited them, they resisted desperately, revolver in hand, and were all shot dead by their assailants, after killing several of the band.

After the death of their Prophet, the Mormon flock, like sheep without a shepherd, were forcibly expelled from Nauvoo, and made their exodus across the Western Desert to Salt Lake, in Utah, where they founded their second Holy City, and have waxed rich and prosperous. From thence also, it is most probable they will have again to emigrate. For the Government and people of the United States are weary of them, and of their "ways that are dark" in the matter of plural wives; and the "Gentiles" from the United States are said to be getting the upper hand in the City of Salt Lake.

So it is more than uncertain whether, before the close even of the present century, another exodus to Mexican or remote American territory will not again take place, under some new Brigham Young — the old one having been gathered to his fathers, full of years, and abounding in wealth and wives. Unlike his predecessor, he died peacefully on his bed, reaping where the other had sown

The Mormon Problem—or Western Mahommedanism—is a very puzzling one now. It bids fair to become a more perplexing one in a near future.

But that the nineteenth century should have produced a Prophet!—whose name was Smith!—and a "Holy City" in the Western Republic! seems more marvellous still.

CHAPTER IV.

My early Legal and Literary Experiences, Drift into Politics and Literature—Invited to Washington by Southern Members of Congress to Co-operate with Them—Washington and its Worthies in the Olden Times—Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Soulé, his Duel with the French Ambassador at Madrid—Sam Houston and Crockett.

My residence of four years in Washington, at that time a straggling, overgrown village, meriting its title of "The City of Magnificent Distances," so widely apart were the public buildings and private residences, was full of interest and excitement.

But it is not my purpose to rake among the cold ashes of extinct and forgotten party strifes, which made those days memorable to the men of the last generation.

Most of the old actors have passed from the scene, but the memories of some of them

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,

as those of statesmen and true patriots. "There were giants in those days;" although, when I went to Washington, they were almost moribund, their lives and work well-nigh done.

Old in years as they were however, their intellectual vigour was wonderfully preserved, even to the last hour, when they lay down to die with their harness on, like Lord Lyndhurst in England, Nestors in the American, as he was in the English Councils. The immortal trio, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster—the typical representative men from the three sections of the Union, West, South, and North—composed a wonderful triumvirate, dominating over the opinions and policy of their respective constituencies. Like mighty old oaks, they overshadowed all smaller and newer growths, and their utterances were regarded as almost oracular. These three representative men were as

widely different in character, thought, and speech, as well as in political opinion, as the conflicting constituencies they represented on the floor of the Senate.

Henry Clay, of Kentucky, was a born orator, and gifted with a rare personal magnetism, which gave him hosts of devoted friends. His tall, spare, commanding figure, swaying to and fro with willowy grace, while persuasion flowed from his lips, made his silvery speech most winning and impressive to the Senate and to the multitude.

He was of a most genial and sunny nature, loving society, fond of horses, and devoted to high play at cards, as well as to the fairer half of creation. Had Woman Suffrage prevailed in the United States at that time, Henry Clay would assuredly have been voted into the presidential chair by acclamation, so popular was he with them all over the Union.

Fertile as the West has been in eloquent speakers, in the past as in the present time, she can place none of her sons on the same pedestal

as that occupied by Henry Clay, and none who could move and sway the thoughts of men as he could. Yet there was more of the Sheridan than of the Pitt or Fox in his life and speech.

More resembling the austere and reserved Pitt was the second of the trio I have named—John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina. His oratory was close, concise and logical, without flowers of speech, or impassioned appeals to the prejudices or passions of his auditors. His linked argument wound a chain around his listeners which it was impossible to break, and took their reason captive.

Earnestness and conviction breathed through all he uttered, and there was no stronger spell to command attention in the glittering eye of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" than in his, when his whole soul seemed to be in his utterances.

Tall, gaunt, with a haggard face, seamed and ploughed over, as it were, by the intense thought that dominated his brain and life, he looked more the ascetic than the public man. His habits

and tastes were severely simple; he had no pleasures and no vices, and cared nothing for society—living among his books and with his own high thoughts and aspirations, both of which were unselfish beyond those of any public man I have ever known familiarly. He died in his harness, as he had lived, battling to the last gasp for the principles he believed to be true and patriotic. It was a wonderful sight to see the old statesman, at his last appearance in the Senate, a very short time before his death, sitting rigidly upright in his arm-chair, spectral-looking, with eyes in which still burned the almost extinct vitality, listening to the reading of his last address to that body by one of his colleagues, his own failing breath not allowing him to read or deliver his speech.

The third of the trio—Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts—much resembled Charles Fox in figure, as well as in character and habits—being of a totally different stamp from either of his great compeers and rivals. A square set man, with a

dome-like forehead and large head, and a strong-featured, swarthy face, on which sat an habitual expression of gloom; although no man was more addicted to the social vices, and pleasures of the table, than this favourite son of Puritan Massachusetts.

"Why do the Southern men not like me?" he once asked of one of them; "I am always deeply in debt; I have always a cellar full of the best wine; and as regards women, I am totally indifferent to colour! Are not these the true Southern characteristics?"

Habitually careless of money, and lavish in his use of it, the constituents of Mr. Webster had frequently to pay his debts, and furnished him with large sums of money, to their credit be it said, ungrudgingly. Yet he died poor, after all their liberal donations.

When he visited England, Sydney Smith, on encountering him, exclaimed to a friend, "He looks like a small cathedral!" so imposing, yet so solemn, was his aspect. All three of these

great statesmen lived and died under the shadow of a great disappointment, for each of the three aspired to the presidential chair, which none of them ever reached; smaller men being chosen by King Demos for that position.

Of their life-work but few traces remain, although they left their marks on the American Constitution and Government.

The federal theory of government, as expounded by Webster, in which "we, the people" of the United States, are substituted for the separate and independent States, has to a certain extent been practically enforced by the majority of that people, forty years after the death of the great expounder of the Constitution, under Northern lights.

The Protective Tariff policy of Henry Clay, although shorn of much of its power, still survives on the Statute Book, and still finds its staunch adherents "for the protection of American industry."

But Federal cannon snuffed out the doctrine of State Sovereignty, and the consequent right of

withdrawal by separate States from the confederation of States, styled the Union, to which John C. Calhoun devoted his intellect, his energies, and his life, and which he made almost a religion with the Southern people.

But the memory of their great advocate and champion still lives in the hearts of his people, though "the cause" for which he pleaded—and for which *they* fought to the bitter end—is a "lost one;" and never to be revived, as far as human prescience can tell.

The subsequent leaders in the secession struggle sat at the feet of their Gamaliel in those days, and learned their lessons from him; although Calhoun himself always deprecated the idea of disunion of the States. He believed there was a remedy within the Constitution, if strictly construed.

Jefferson Davis was one of his leading disciples, and died in the State Rights faith, as did most of the Southern representative men of that day; a few of whom still survive.

One of the most striking figures in the Senate was that of Pierre Soulé, Senator from Louisiana, before the time of J. P. Benjamin, whose later history is so well known in England.

The history of Soulé was a romance. Exiled from France when but nineteen years of age, by his own act, to avoid punishment for editing *Le Nain Jaune*, an anti-Napoleon journal, he reached New Orleans, with only the clothes he wore, but rapidly rose to distinction at the Bar of that then almost French city, whose laws and language were similar to those he had left behind him; for the young refugee understood no English on his arrival. A few years later we see the naturalized Frenchman representing Louisiana in the Senate, and delivering speeches, whose eloquence was only equalled by the purity of the English in which they were spoken, to which a relish was given by the peculiar accent which accompanied them.

With an exceptionally handsome face, and most

lustrous eyes, a melodious voice and graceful gesture, and with something that was almost pictorial in his costume, Pierre Soulé was a most seductive speaker; as an orator, ranking very near Henry Clay. He did not long survive the Confederacy, of which he was one of the wrecks, left stranded after the war.

While Minister to Spain, under the Administration of President Pierce, a most curious and characteristic episode occurred. The duc d'Albe having made an insulting remark on Madame Soulé—who was a most lovely woman—at a ball, her son Nelvil, who accompanied her, challenged, and was wounded by him.

Then Pierre Soulé stepped into the arena, challenging the French ambassador, Turgot, at whose house the incident had occurred, on the ground that it was his duty to have protected his guest, or to have punished the offender, failing which he must answer personally to him, the husband of the lady thus injured.

Turgot accepted the challenge and the re-

sponsibility, and went out with pistols, the consequence being that he was shot in the leg by Soulé, and expiated his default as host by hobbling with a stiff knee for the rest of his life.

To all those who knew the parties well the affair was considered a good joke, for Soulé was a notoriously bad shot, and the legs of M. Turgot of exceptional thinness and leanness. Such, however, is often the fate of war, and of that minor war the duello.

To be "ready with the pistol" was, in the Southern country, an injunction as strongly impressed by public sentiment as it ever was in Ireland: and a public career very often was literally "an ordeal by fire." But, among other changes, the duel has been almost done away with, or made penal, there now.

I came very near being a spectator of that duel, for, in despite of the great difference of our ages, Soulé entertained so warm a friendship for me that he offered to secure for me the post of

Secretary of Legation under him, that I might remain near him. On my declining the flattering offer, he declared that he would double the salary if I would accept, and employ a secretary to do all the clerical work of the Legation, as he wanted me to go with him in the capacity, not of his subordinate, but of his friend. I then frankly told him that, if there were a man alive whom I would serve in a subordinate capacity, he was that man ; but my character and my nature made me prefer an independent position, where I should take the responsibility on my own shoulders, and be subjected to no one's authority in the performance of my duties. Such an independent position President Pierce had offered me in Egypt, and I preferred it, even to going with him. I added, "I believe, in my position, you would act as I am doing."

He paused a moment, and then answered, "Frankly, I believe I should. I respect your independence, and cannot urge you any further, even to secure your companionship in Spain ; but

you must let me do something to show my friendship for you."

Drawing his writing-desk towards him, he took from it a sheet of note-paper, endorsed his name on the back of it, and said: "You are a very young man, and are going to Paris for the first time, to stop a short time there. You will be sure to get out of money at Paris, and my endorsement at my banker's will always get you what you want." I thanked him warmly for the proposed accommodation, assuring him I was quite sure I should not need it. But he persisted, and I would not offend him by refusing to accept his thoughtful kindness. "But," I said, looking at the blank sheet, "at least fill up the paper," naming a fixed sum for which to draw. But he only said, "Put it in your pocket; do not exceed so much,"—naming a very liberal sum. "When I repose a confidence, it is a whole confidence. I know you will never abuse it."

I only relate this incident as characteristic of

the noble and generous nature of the man, one of nature's noblemen, who could neither himself do a mean thing, nor suspect a friend of possibly doing one.

He was prophetic in his prediction that I should require more money at Paris than I had provided; for in that crucible mine speedily melted away, and I had to avail myself temporarily of his kindness, before reaching my post.

Upwards of six feet in height, wearing over his broad chest a vest made out of the striped skin of a wild animal, slain by his own hand, with a face whose resolute sternness indicated strong character, one of the South-Western Senators, always attracted the attention of a stranger. His had been a history of stirring adventure on a rude frontier among savages. He had known many of the ups and downs of life, descending to the very depths and dragging himself up again, by his indomitable will, to be Governor of his State, and Senator in Congress.

Of this remarkable man, Jefferson Davis told

me, as a reminiscence of his own early life, the curious story of their first meeting. Long years before, when the future President of the Southern Confederacy was a young captain in the army of the United States, and stationed at a remote outpost, in the Indian country on the Texas frontier, there entered his tent, one evening, a dirty, debauched-looking man, wrapped up in a filthy blanket, with little else on to cover his nakedness. He immediately recognized his visitor as a white man, though almost undistinguishable from an Indian, and taking pity on his forlorn plight, made him lie down in the corner of his tent, to sleep off the fumes of the liquor which stupefied him. Awaking the next morning, refreshed in mind and body, the unpromising looking stranger, to his infinite surprise and amusement, thus gravely accosted him: "Young man, you have been kind to me, and I shall never forget it. When I am President of the United States, you shall be my Secretary of War."

Captain Davis laughed heartily, and replied, "I shall certainly remind you of your promise when you are!" and dismissed the incident and the man from his mind and memory.

Many years afterwards, when Jefferson Davis had become Secretary of War under President Pierce, he found at Washington his former guest of a night, sitting in the seat of a United States Senator.

This Senator had figured first in the South-west, in those days when the general appreciation of that region was tersely summed up by a local bard, as follows:—

> "When every other land rejects us,
> We packs our duds, and goes to Texas."

The same thought was expressed in prose by another pioneer to that land, who perished in the struggle which freed that territory from Mexico. Colonel David Crockett, of Tennessee, was an original, whose sayings and doings gave him great notoriety in his day. Beaten for Congress, he

thus addressed an assembly of his former constituents :

" Fellow-citizens,—You have not re-elected me to Congress. Well, you may all go to h—ll, and I shall go to Texas."

And he did go there to take part in the revolutionary struggle, of which he was one of the early martyrs.

Such men as these, rebels against the restraints of refined society, and impatient of control in their humour and appetites, have ever, in new countries, led the advance guard of civilization, and proved its pioneers in communities as rough and reckless as themselves.

Many stories were told of Colonel Crockett, one of which is too characteristic not to be recorded. He was a political opponent of Martin Van Buren, who was President of the United States when the Colonel first entered Congress, and was in the habit of speaking slightingly of him, as a conceited fop. For Mr. Van Buren was a very polished man, of very refined manners

and habits. What, therefore, was the surprise of one of Colonel Crockett's friends at hearing him, one day, laud the President very highly.

"Why, how is this, Crockett," said the friend, "what has so suddenly changed your opinion of Mr. Van Buren?"

"Well, I will tell you," was the answer. "Two days ago, I called on the President, and after some conversation, he turned towards a sideboard which was in the room, covered with bottles and glasses and said, 'Colonel Crockett, will you step up to the sideboard and help yourself to something? You must excuse my joining you, for my doctor forbids my taking anything. Pray help yourself.' Now a common man would have insisted on pouring out the liquor for me, and I should have been ashamed of taking a good drink. But what does Mr. Van Buren do? Why, as I walked up to the sideboard, he turned his back to me, and pretended to be examining one of the pictures on the wall, that I might take as

much as I pleased. That is the reason I have changed my opinion of him!"

There came to Washington also, in those days, another exceptional man; but he was not to the "manner born," but came from distant Hungary, just after her spasmodic effort at revolution.

This man was Louis Kossuth, then a man of middle age; but living still in his Italian exile, in the full preservation of his mental and bodily faculties, although very far past the scriptural term allotted to human life.

He came to enlist American aid and sympathy in the Hungarian cause, and was received as a European advocate for Liberal government always has been received in America, with great enthusiasm by the people.

But governments are always more cautious and reserved than peoples are; so at Washington, although treated with "distinguished consideration" by public officials, he secured nothing else, and went away disgusted and disappointed.

He was a strikingly handsome and prepossessing man in appearance, and in speech a wonderfully eloquent orator; speaking English almost as his native tongue, in the choicest and most grammatical phrases.

At a public banquet given him, at which Mr. Webster presided and spoke, it was difficult to say to which of the two speakers the palm should be accorded, as both were so eloquent. The appeal of Kossuth for American sympathy and recognition of his country was most pathetic, and many of his audience were in tears before he concluded his impassioned address.

A curious little incident occurred, in which I took part, while the suite of Kossuth, consisting of Governor Uhazy and other distinguished Hungarians, were waiting in the ante-room, before the feasts of viands and of eloquence were served.

Finding that those gentlemen could speak or understand no European language with which we were familiar, and having ineffectually

endeavoured to converse with them in English, French, Italian and Spanish successively, the happy thought occurred to me, that Latin was still a living language in Hungary, so I addressed the Governor in that tongue. I soon regretted my temerity, for I was like an imprudent boy who loosened an avalanche. The Hungarians spoke Latin as their mother tongue, and my college training was badly fitted to make me their equal in conversation in that dead tongue. It was, therefore, a great relief to me, and the salvation of my reputation as a Latinist, when the mouths of my interlocutors were filled with food at the banquet to which we were summoned.

Needless to add that I did not renew my attempt to converse again with the Hungarian magnates, being quite content with the glory of my original essay, which had come so near ending disastrously.

At Washington City, then, "the small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand," which ended in

Secession and civil war, began to spread itself over the horizon, and politics, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all other matters of consideration.

The strife of the sections resulted in a hollow truce, finally broken in 1861, by the firing on Fort Sumter, in the harbour of South Carolina, followed by a four years' war. But the gladiatorial conflicts of oratory in Congress, during the years which succeeded the deaths of the three great American statesmen, are still remembered by a generation, of which there still are many survivors.

During the Presidency of Franklin Pierce the Southern, or States Rights Wing, of the Democratic Party, enjoyed its final and fleeting triumphs, and many representative Southern men were sent abroad on Foreign Missions.

Among others I was honoured by an appointment, bestowed as a recompense for my services to the party; and as the strain of my labours had broken my health, the post of Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt and its Depen-

dencies, was preferred by me—proferred by the President, and accepted.

At that period Egypt was not the thoroughfare for Cook's tourists which it has since become, but much of its old mystery still brooded over it, enhancing its attraction. What I did and saw there shall be stated in subsequent chapters.

CHAPTER V.

Literary, Scientific and Artistic Celebrities at Washington—Hawthorne, Morse, Longfellow, W. W. Story, O. W. Holmes, &c.—Friendship between President Pierce and Hawthorne—My Reminiscences of Hawthorne in America, and in Italy—His Introduction of the Marble Faun to me in the Vatican.

WHEN I first arrived at Washington, and reported to the Southern Committee of Congressmen, which had invited me there to co-operate with them in disseminating Southern doctrines, one of them expressed surprise at my very youthful appearance, for I was very boyish-looking at that time. But Jeff Davis, who was also a member of that Committee, replied to his colleague, saying:—"That is a fault which will grow less day by day." Young as I was, Mr.

Davis made an intimate of me, and treated me ever with the greatest confidence, in public as in private.

He was then in his prime, and a most agreeable companion, a ready talker, full of information, and an omnivorous reader. But he seldom deferred to, or took advice from, any of his political colleagues. The only one whose opinion he respected was Mr. Calhoun, of whom he was an ardent disciple. Later he was guided much by J. P. Benjamin.

But the Washington world was not made up of politicians exclusively. "All sorts and conditions of men," literary and scientific, were attracted there, and among them were some who since have made themselves well known to the world at large, in art, letters, and science.

The pioneer of Professor Edison, the famous Professor Morse, first brought his telegraph there, asking such slight aid from Congress as might allow him a chance to demonstrate its practical utility between Washington and New York.

Thirty thousand dollars was all he asked for, after having completely exhausted all his own resources, and borrowed from his friends all they were willing to advance him.

On the last night of the Session of Congress, after midnight, when confusion worse confounded prevailed on the floor of the House of Representatives, where his friends were attempting, as a last desperate alternative, to place the appropriation on the Deficiency Bill, as it is called—the supplement to the General Appropriation Bill—worn out in mind and body, and utterly despairing, Professor Morse abandoned the field, and went back to his hotel and to bed, entirely hopeless that aught could come out of that Congressional chaos.

At daylight he was awakened from his heavy sleep of exhaustion by the noisy entrance of a Congressional friend, highly excited from various causes, who warmly congratulated him on the passage of the appropriation for his experimental telegraph line during the last hours of

the Session, through the adroit management of his friends.

Thus at one bound the scientist rose from the depths of despair to the highest heaven of hope and joy; and the result justified his anticipations, and brought him fame and fortune. On such slight chances do human destinies often seem to rest. Washington has ever been the Paradise and the Purgatory of inventors.

Here, too, might occasionally be met the young artists whose reputations were just budding, before ripening into fruit.

Facile princeps among these was the younger Story, sculptor, poet, and lawyer, whose father was one of the ablest judges who ever sat on the American bench. I have frequently heard the son laugh at the error—common among jurists—that the Standard Law-Book on "The Conflict of Laws"—a high authority both in England and America—was Judge Story's work; since he himself compiled it, while in his father's law-

office before the chisel had diverted him from Boston to Rome.

The author of the "Roba di Roma" in prose, and of the poetical appeal of "Phidias to Phryne" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, could claim a high place in literature had he penned nought else; for the activity of his pen has almost equalled that of his chisel. Seldom indeed has it happened that a man should range over so many different fields, as this gifted son of a distinguished father; and more unfrequent still to have acquitted himself so well in all.

Happily he still survives in the full vigour of mind and body, which promises so much more good work, before he shall leave the Palazzo Doria at Rome, where he resides, to join the great majority.

Personally Mr. Story is one of the most genial of companions and charming of men; his conversation is full of wit and anecdote; with a face which nature has made a letter of introduction, and a manner, the simplicity of which wins its

way to the confidence of his interlocutor, however brief the acquaintance may have been. It is seldom indeed that genius takes up its residence in so pleasant a habitation as in the person of W. W. Story, of whom all Americans should be proud.

Another American sculptor used to be occasionally encountered at Washington in those early days, Crawford, whose works have survived him and proved his best memorial. Father to Marion Crawford, the novelist, he bequeathed his talent as well as his comeliness of face and grace of person to his son, who, though wielding another instrument than the chisel, has yet wielded it with an equal cunning and success.

It is seldom, indeed, that talent is hereditary as in these two instances of Story and of Crawford: and the diversion of pursuits from father to son in each instance, might furnish a study to the psychologist and tracer of heredity.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has become a European as well as an American celebrity. The

"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," who has now descended to "The Tea Table," in these our later days, as full of wit and wisdom still, though a rare, was ever a welcome visitor, in all other cities than his well-beloved Boston, "Hub of the Universe," as her citizens always proudly term her, when "Athens, of America," seems too tame to express her incomparable superiority. Of his flittings elsewhere it would be superfluous for me to speak, but once in my callow youth I visited Boston, and reverentially surveyed him, and the other lions of that classic region, which environs the new Cambridge, adopted and improved from the old in the Puritan's Fatherland.

The guest of the president of Cambridge college, although but a youth, I saw and heard, as well as conversed with, all their then celebrities, including Charles Sumner, afterwards the proto-martyr of the Abolition party in Congress, and subsequently their leader in the Senate, a very attractive personality then, as always; as well as Longfellow, Agassiz, Oliver

Wendell Holmes, Mayor Quincey, son of the President of Cambridge University, and many of the lesser lights which twinkled around those constellations, and of which Boston was duly proud.

One little conflict of wits, in which the prince of gibes and jests and humorous quips and cranks came off second best, still lingers in my memory. One of the "institutions" of Cambridge University then was the "Phi Beta Kappa" society of that college, where the fireworks of wit and epigram were duly exploded at an annual anniversary.

Into that hallowed shrine the young stranger from the Far South was admitted, much as an "outside Barbarian" would have been allowed to enter the Academy at Athens.

The dinner was over, and the wine flowing freely, and with it came bubbling up the witty sayings and rejoinders of the select company. Among other things Oliver Wendell Holmes read a little poem he had prepared for the occasion,

commemorating the trials and triumphs of the Pilgrim fathers in his inimitably humorous vein. It brought down the house, and as the applause ceased reverberating from the rafters, slowly arose Mayor Quincy, a man of grave and serious aspect, whose bald head gave additional gravity to his serious countenance. He said he had a health and a toast to propose; the health was that of his friend and theirs, Oliver Wendell Holmes, of whose wit as a poet, and skill as a physician, his townsmen and friends were equally proud. The toast had reference to a passage in the witty poem on the trials of their ancestors, which he had just read to them, and which they had so properly applauded to the echo.

He alluded to the passage in which the poet, speaking of the primitive condition of the Puritan settlement, referred to

> "The wolves that prowl around the door
> Whene'er a babe was born."

In connection with it, and his friend's profes-

sion, he ventured to propose a toast for "the successors of those wolves that prowled around the door when e'er a babe was born!" The hit was irresistible, and even the witty doctor himself joined in the almost inextinguishable laughter with which it was greeted by the guests.

I first made Nathaniel Hawthorne's acquaintance in Washington, whither he had come, after writing the biography of his friend, Franklin Pierce, as a campaign document for the coming Presidential election.

As I was honoured by the friendship of Mr. Pierce, he made me known to Hawthorne, and I had the good fortune to strike his fancy, and be admitted to the small circle of his intimates.

Hawthorne was habitually cold and reserved in his manner, and very taciturn in most companies. He possessed and cultivated to an eminent degree that "talent for silence," so warmly commended by Thomas Carlyle, especially when the company was not congenial to his tastes.

With his grave stern face, and heavy brows drawn down over his eyes, he presented rather a forbidding than an inviting appearance. But when he did unbend, and was in a good mood, no man could make his conversation more agreeable and instructive than he.

But he generally defrayed very little of the expense of common conversation, reserving himself for his intercourse with a few familiar friends. Of these President Pierce was one; and Hawthorne's biography of him was a true labour of love, entirely differing from the usual quadrennial eulogiums of prospective Presidents.

When transferred to England, as Consul at Liverpool, Hawthorne did not make himself popular. He did not care to do so. But how closely he observed and studied the English character his diaries show. Although he has been accused of passing harsh judgments on the English people, male and female, yet on the whole most of those judgments must be pronounced to be just by unprejudiced observers outside of

England. The sudden gleams of saturnine humour which light up the seriousness of these diaries are very characteristic, and evince Hawthorne's subtle analysis of character and motive. His remark on the English matron, that "when she sat down, she filled a very large space of her Maker's footstool," although possibly a little broad, was certainly very descriptive; and a great many similar touches are to be found in those diaries.

I met Hawthorne again at Rome, where he was passing several months. It was during the Holy Week, long before the days of Italian unity, and Pio Nono was the temporal as well as spiritual head of the classic capital. Strolling through the galleries of the Vatican one day with Hawthorne, he suddenly stopped me before the Marble Faun, and said half seriously, half jestingly, "Do you know, I am writing that fellow's story!"

This was the first intimation he had given me of his labours on the romance, since so famous, as

"The Romance of Monte Beni" in England, and as "The Marble Faun" in America. He subsequently repeated the same information seriously, and spoke of his conception of the character, half-spiritual and half-bestial, as he afterwards portrayed it with wonderful skill and finesse.

One of his original and quaint remarks about the climate of Rome I also recall, because it struck me as so characteristic. I asked him whether he had not found the air of Rome very heavy and depressing. He replied, "Yes, I do, but it is easily to be accounted for. The air of Rome has been breathed over and over again by men for so many centuries, that it must be almost breathed out."

Could such an idea have presented itself to any mind but Hawthorne's?

There was something tragic in Hawthorne's cast of face, with its shaggy brows and cavernous eyes, as well as in his mind and heart. A brooding introspection seemed to possess him, yet he

was a quick and retentive observer, as all his writings and utterances show. Of the characters and feelings of his Puritan ancestors, no man has ever drawn such terrible delineations, nor more just. "The Scarlet Letter" and the "House of the Seven Gables," will attest this, and serve as his most enduring monument, when his other writings have ceased to be read.

There was nothing of the Puritan in him, for his mind was too broad and Catholic to follow the narrow paths of fanaticism, and he believed in the enjoyment of the good things which the Creator has provided with so lavish a hand for the enjoyment of his creatures.

The descendants of the exiled Puritans in America for a long time preserved, and even intensified, the grim tenets and habitudes imported into a new world, and by a strange contradiction, fleeing for the light of free faith, bitterly persecuted all dissentients in their new home. But the primitive type has disappeared,

and can be now seen only in such characters as those created by Hawthorne.

The brotherly love existing between Hawthorne and President Pierce was life-long, and equally honourable to both. When one died the other sat by his death-bed, and was not long in following his friend to the other land.

Pierce was himself a most noble-hearted man, of warm affections, and staunch fidelity. He was sorely tried at the hour of his greatest triumph, and a shadow which darkened the rest of his life hung over him, when fate had seemed to shed sunshine over his pathway.

He was on his way to be inaugurated as President—his wife and only child, a young man, accompanying him—when a railway accident occurred, and his son had his brains dashed out, in the presence of his parents. It is said that from that hour the mother never smiled again, and the father's brow took a shade of care, and his hair a tinge of grey, which neither had shown before.

The man who could have been the bosom friend of Hawthorne could have been no common man, either in heart or head; and to the few who knew President Pierce intimately his high qualities, quick perception, and ready expression were properly appreciated. But he was a modest and retiring man, who did not obtrude his merits or his gifts on the public; and during his life, and after his death, did not obtain the recognition of those rare qualities which made him Hawthorne's dearest friend.

Lola Montez and Breakfast in Bed.

My first introduction to the once celebrated Lola Montez was made under circumstances which greatly disturbed my youthful modesty. Calling on her with a letter of introduction, at a New York hotel, at mid-day, I was ushered not into a parlour, but into a bedroom, and received by my fair hostess, taking her breakfast in bed. She was attired in a very coquettish garment, a

compromise between a night-dress and a dressing-gown, and was sipping a cup of tea. Several other gentlemen had arrived before me, and were already seated in chairs, ranged around the bed, and Lola, a small fragile woman, with a sallow face, and wonderfully large expressive eyes, was chatting first with one and then with another, with all the grace and ease imaginable. She showed less embarrassment than any one of the party, for the situation was very novel to all of us there assembled. She was a very restless woman, in perpetual motion, and every movement she made under her coverlets disturbed my nerves, and inspired the fear that she would jump out, and give us some further surprises.

She was merciful, however, and did not change her position, except by restless movements in bed, which made her early visitors as restless as herself. One requires to be used to such things to enjoy them thoroughly; and our education in this matter had been neglected.

Lola Montez possessed great quickness of

intellect, and fascination of manner. She had the most wonderful eyes I ever saw, and spoke eloquently with them when her lips were silent. She had had strange experiences in many lands, and her life was a romance. Commencing as a wild Irish girl, early wedded to a man of violent, overbearing, and dangerous character, she proved herself equal to the most successful of tiger-tamers, by making his iron will bend to hers. Thence transferred to India, she exercised the same sway in the East as she had done in the West, and it was not until unbearably goaded by the neglect and maltreatment of her husband that she became the desperate and reckless adventuress known to the world. The episode of her brief Queenship in Bavaria—where the infatuation of the King, and her real if not acknowledged control of Bavarian politics, exciting the jealousy of the leading people there, led to her expulsion—is too well remembered to need repetition. It was, however, a striking episode in a very exceptional life. Thence like a meteor she flamed over Europe,

and was one of the greatest notorieties of her day.

When she came to America the bright star was almost in eclipse, but it scintillated still, and had by no means become a fixed star or a falling one. The old power she had wielded so absolutely once over men still survived the loss of her beauty and personal attractiveness, although she then was scarcely more than a shadow of the enchantress, who had played so conspicuous a part, and exerted such powerful influence over public and private men, when in her prime.

The last period of her existence, when she "came to grief" in many ways, broken in health, in happiness, and in fortune, dying in an obscure lodging-house at New York, in almost abject poverty, is very sad to contemplate; and gives another lesson of the vanity of human hopes and wishes. Yet it is said she died sincerely penitent and devoutly religious, seeking at the last those consolations which faith alone can bestow, and which are as open, at the final hour, to the Mag-

dalen as to the sister who has never erred or strayed from the path of virtue.

As a meteor she rose, flashed fitfully and brightly over two continents, and then sank into darkest eclipse and forgetfulness for ever.

Her name, which was almost a spell to conjure with, is now only a tradition, even to the men who knew her in the days of her insolent triumph and waning attractions. She was a modern Magdalen—poor Lola—for if there were evil in her, there was also much good. Her heart was ever warm, although her head was a treacherous guide, and she was capable of acts of generosity and self-sacrifice, which many who would be called better women never would have performed.

Fennimore Cooper.

When scarcely more than a boy I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Fennimore Cooper, the great American novelist, whose ro-

mances of the wild life of the Western forests and prairies, and of their Indian occupants, were once as widely popular in England as in the United States.

He was then full of years and of fame, the literary lion of the young Republic.

He was a fine-looking, ruddy-faced old man of portly presence, with an imperious manner and dogmatical way of passing judgment on men and things, and very decided in all his opinions. Yet, with all this, there was a great deal of geniality and bonhomie in his manner.

The first day I dined at table with him I listened with eager interest to pick up the crumbs of wit and wisdom which I was sure would fall from his lips. But, to my surprise and disappointment, he only opened his mouth, while the dinner progressed, to discuss the choice dishes and the wine accompanying them, for he seemed by no means to despise the pleasures of the table.

There were some clever talkers at table, and after the heavy duties of dinner were over, and

the free flow of wine and conversation set in, I listened yet more eagerly.

But, to my infinite disappointment, the author of "The Last of the Mohicans" discoursed chiefly on the fig of Smyrna, the best way of growing and cutting asparagus, and topics culled from the pages of Brillat-Savarin, the text-book of all who love their stomachs not wisely but too well.

An ardent youth, enthusiastic over his stirring stories of Indian character and adventure, it disenchanted me to listen to our great Wizard of the West descending into commonplace in such a way, without the slightest reference to the Red Indian, the prairie, or the wilderness.

It was my first disillusion as to the real nature of authors, and the shock was a severe one. I have had many since, but none ever so chilling as this; for Fennimore Cooper had filled a very large place in my boyish dreams as a hero in romance.

If the Indian savage of America goes down

to posterity with something of the heroic and poetic attached to his really brutal and prosaic nature, he will chiefly owe it to Cooper's romances, in which he is idealized so greatly, yet retains enough of his own characteristics to make the portrait more than a mere fancy sketch.

Among his home imitators probably the closest and the best was Gilmore Sims, of South Carolina, whose "Yemassee" and other novels gave him great and deserved celebrity in his own day, although his reputation was mainly local.

For at that day the literature, as well as the manufactures and commerce, of the country was in Northern hands, although *The Southern Quarterly Review*, and other literary journals, showed high literary taste and merit on the part of their contributors.

Longfellow.

I had also the privilege of knowing personally, before he wore his long white beard, and became patriarchal in his appearance, the sweetest singer

of America, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, on whom Nature had set the stamp of Poet. A gentler, sweeter, more ideal face than his, shaded by a soft melancholy, painter never put on canvas, nor conceived. In some of the pictures of Carlo Dolce, you may find its type—in life seldom indeed. And his character did justice to his face, and his verse was the mirror of his soul. His voice also was very sweet and tuneful, and to hear him recite his own poetry was like listening to music. Happier in his lot than most poets, he was permitted by Providence to live the life he loved, and was fitted for; without those pinching cares and mean miseries which poisoned the lives of the sweet singers whose utterances we now prize above rubies.

He was appreciated at his just value at an early age, promoted, while still young, to an important literary post in the Cambridge University, and allowed the privilege of foreign travel. This was in his youth a rare advantage, common as it is now in this age of "Globe-trotters," and

the stream of his life was permitted to flow gently on through flowery meads of public praise, until, full of honour and of years, he sank to rest.

Yet in his private life he had many sore trials, which his poetry breathes, in despite of his happy nature.

He lost early the first wife of his choice, and travelled abroad to relieve the melancholy which that loss occasioned. During those travels, for a second time he encountered his fate, in the person of a beautiful and accomplished woman—Miss Appleton, of Boston, whom he met on the Rhine.

His suit was rejected. In his "Hyperion, his best prose work, he gives a romantic description of that wooing and rejection; and so eloquent was his pleading, that the lady, after perusing it, relented, accepted her poet suitor, and became his wife.

But this idyll ended in a tragedy, which saddened the later years of the Poet's life. After

many years of wedded happiness, his wife was the victim of a terrible accident.

Burning up old letters one day, the light dress she wore caught fire, and the injuries she received caused her death, leaving Longfellow a second time a widower.

But his later years were cherished by the presence of children and friends, and as, unlike most Prophets, he was properly appreciated in his own country and neighbourhood, the modest dwelling, embowered in trees, at Cambridge, wherein the Poet dwelt, was almost a place for pilgrimage by the admirers of the Poet and his poetry.

CHAPTER VI.

My first Glimpses of Lotos Land—Seven days in a Dahabieh between Alexandria and Cairo—Nights on the Nile—Cairo as it then was—My Official Reception by the Viceroy—Quarrel with the Viceroy—A Strange History and its Sequel.

WHEN I first visited the Lotos land, it was before the days of railways and Cook's tourists, and before Ismail Khedive had Haussmanised the European quarter of Cairo. into a shadowy copy of the new Paris under Napoleon III.

Alexandria was still a rambling and rickety Eastern town, with all the crooked and ill-paved streets, stone buildings and peculiar Oriental odour of Arab life, which resembles nothing odoriferous in other climes—but is a thing apart and indescribable, pungent, acrid and *sui generis*. Egypt was still dreamland, pervaded by the memory and the musky odour of the mummy, and on reaching

it, you felt as though you were entering another state, wherein men, manners, and morals were regulated by far different rules from those of the West.

My Government had thought it expedient that I should be sent to Egypt in a man-of-war, so as to render my arrival more dignified and impressive, and the corvette *St. Louis*, commanded by Capt. Ingraham, a brother South Carolinian, which with its Captain had become world-famous by the rescue of the Hungarian political refugee, Kossta, from an Austrian man of war at Smyrna, was assigned to that duty. I was to repair to Spezzia, where she was then lying, thence to be taken over to Alexandria.

My journey from Paris to Spezzia was like a trip through fairyland, among the orange groves and lovely scenery of that earthly Paradise which borders on and overlooks the Mediterranean Sea; and the perfume of the orange blossoms filled the air with fragrance.

The Mont Cenis tunnel was not then made, so we were dragged over the snow-clad summits

of the mountain in a huge lumbering coach drawn by six mules, and through very grand and imposing scenery, instead of as now, when the traveller is shot through a dark and smoky tunnel cut through the bowels of the mountain, and sees nothing but the walls of stone, as the lights from the railway carriages flash fitfully over them.

To my mind the old mode of transit was far more agreeable, as well as more picturesque; but we must pay something for progress always, and the practical pushes the poetical out of sight in our day. At Spezzia I was taken aboard of the *St. Louis*, and soon was made to feel myself at home by Commander Ingraham and his officers, a noble set of fellows, my friendship with whom lasted until death removed most of them to a yet more distant land than Egypt.

Not being a steamer, the *St. Louis* made a long passage to Alexandria, being retarded by light and baffling winds; and it was three weeks after sailing from Spezzia that we sighted the

windmills on the low-lying shores of Egypt, on the hill of Ras-el-Tin, or "Point of Figs," the first landmark visible; and shortly after saw the white walls of the palace of Ras-el-Tin, the Alexandrian residence of all the successive Viceroys, since Mehemet Ali who constructed it.

The first view of Egypt from the sea is very disappointing, for the city of Alexandria lies very flat, and, with the exception of a few domed mosques, with their needle-like minarets, presents very little of an Oriental aspect. The only two ancient landmarks left years ago, were the so-called Pompey's Pillar, and the Cleopatra's Needle, one standing, the other grovelling in the dust, near the Rosetta Gate; but these were not visible from the port.

With the exception of the brown faces, baggy breeches, and strange costumes of the native boatmen, who came swarming in their clumsy boats around the ship, and their guttural utterances, the newly-arrived traveller might have imagined he was about to land at Livorno, or

some other decayed Italian port, rather than at the gate which led into the almost fabulous realm of the ancient Pharaohs, and their degenerate descendants, the Felaheen, now its tillers.

But the bastard spawn of Western civilization, in the shape of Customs exactions and vexations, prying into trunks and other luggage, encountered and delayed us at the threshold, and would have annoyed us much more, but for the arrival of the Janissary of the Consulate-General, a magnificent native, gorgeously arrayed in Oriental costume. He wore a crooked sabre, and bore a staff tipped with silver as an emblem of authority, which he wielded very freely on the turbaned heads and persons of all who got in our way; and under his shadow we passed along freely to resounding cries of "Backsheesh!"—equivalent to the French "Pourboire!"—from the native crowd who surveyed us, and expected to be paid for so doing.

The quarantine was especially vexatious in those days, for they put it on without good and

sufficient reason. All but those bearing the official stamp have to put up with this nuisance to gratify the avarice of the port officials who make no inconsiderable sum out of the fees they are permitted to charge.

Our arrival at Alexandria was made the opportunity for a public demonstration on the part of the political refugees, of whom there was a large number then congregated at Alexandria, as a city of refuge from the persecution and the prisons awaiting them in Europe. Exiles of almost all nationalities, these men fraternized and sympathized with each other in Egypt, most of them seeking protection under the American flag, according to the usage of the East, which accords to the foreign Christian the privilege of Protection by any Christian Power there.

We were ignorant of the intention of these people to make us the subject of such a demonstration, which was chiefly prompted by the recent Kossta incident—in which Captain Ingraham and his ship figured so largely—and by the

faith they had in the sympathy of the American people and their representatives.

We were invited to the opera the evening after our arrival, and seated in the State box, the observed of all observers.

The opera house was filled by the foreign refugees, most of whom were bearded like the pard, and wore very outlandish costumes.

As the curtain rose, a bearded Hungarian or Austrian stepped forward on the stage, accompanied by several others, and delivered an impassioned address in Italian to Captain Ingraham and myself, and to our country, which was applauded to the echo, until the rafters rang with the wild shouts of welcome.

Captain Ingraham, who was a very reserved, shy man, as well as a very modest one, seized on his hat, and seemed meditating flight as soon as he comprehended what the uproar meant. Understanding no foreign language, he did not at first comprehend the uproar. We stood up in the box and bowed our acknowledgments to the shouting

crowd, for speech would have been inaudible in that storm of noise and excitement. General quiet having been restored, the operatic music replaced the discordant sounds, which were deafening.

But we had not escaped entirely from our over-zealous, if newly-discovered friends, on quitting the opera house. We had just fallen into a refreshing sleep at the hotel, when suddenly the bray of a brass band, accompanied with more "evvivas" and shouting, awakened us: and we had to go out on the balcony to make our acknowledgments again. Such was the triumphal entry of the American representatives into the land of Egypt!

The transit between Alexandria and Cairo is now made several times daily, in from three to four hours time, by railway. As the time of which I am writing was before the completion of this railway, which had then been only commenced by Robert Stephenson, it took a week's travel from one city to the other. The route was by water in the dahabieh or Nile boat of the country,

propelled by wind, or the strong arms of the native boatmen, firstly through the Mahmoudieh Canal, forty miles in length, and then from Atfeh on the Nile, up the famous stream to Boulac, the port of Cairo, four miles distant from the city.

We therefore fitted up a dahabieh as comfortably as possible—laid in a good store of provisions of a solid and liquid description—and making up a party of eight persons, went on board, and made ourselves at home.

In connection with this canal, which Mehemet Ali caused to be cut by unskilled Fellah labour, to connect the waters of the Nile with the sea at Alexandria, a characteristic story of the Napoleon of Egypt has been told.

A French engineer, in conversation, ventured to criticize the Viceroy's plan for the canal, while the work was in course of completion.

"Your Highness," he said, "will pardon me for suggesting that your canal will be very crooked."

"Do rivers in France always run in a straight line?" promptly asked the Pacha.

"Certainly not," responded the surprised Frenchman.

"Did not Allah make them?"

"Assuredly, your Highness," replied the engineer, who thought the questioner's wits were wandering.

"Well, then," answered Mehemet Ali triumphantly, "do you think you or I know better than Allah how water ought to run? I imitated him in my canal, otherwise it soon would be a dry ditch, not a canal."

The Frenchman was silenced, if not convinced: and the canal was certainly made very crooked, and so remains.

Since the building of the railways, its utility and value have been much diminished.

Along the canal we progressed chiefly by "tracking," our crew of native boatmen walking along the bank and dragging the boat after them, except when the wind served, when all hands squatted in the stern and smoked their chibouques with long stems.

The canal banks, and the country behind them, were flat and monotonous, so we rejoiced when, at the mud village of Atfeh, Old Father Nile, a broad, deep, yellow stream, rushing to the sea at the rate of five miles per hour, opened upon our view. Save a fringe of feathery palms, with their long bare stems rising thirty feet without branch or foliage, the Nile banks are not wooded, but bare of shrubbery as well as of trees. You look across a stretch of flat, open country, under cultivation, and intersected with ditches, but almost barren of vegetation.

Along the banks come long trains of laden camels, the nose of each tied to the tail of the one that goes before him, swinging and swaying along with that lop-sided gait peculiar to themselves.

The hairless water-ox or buffalo, with his wide horns and pendulous ears, a most valuable beast of burden and companion to the Egyptian fellah or agricultural labourer, forms another feature in the animated life of the banks, as well as the

patient little ass, bestrode by a long-legged fellah, whose feet almost touch the ground, or by what seems at first a bale of rags or black silk, which on closer inspection proves to be a woman, riding man fashion, with her knees almost touching her chin. Flights of doves, and multitudes of cawing crows, half grey, half black in colour, are all the objects the Nile banks have to show the passing traveller.

In the distance, wherever you see a clump of palm-trees, you also see the dome and minarets of a mosque, and the conical mud huts of an Arab village through the pillar-like stems of the date-palms.

On our way up the river, one of the few running from south to north to seek the sea, we passed that striking structure, the Barrage, with its crenelated towers at each end, resembling a fortification as much as a bridge.

This great work is due to the engineering skill of Mougel Bey, a Frenchman, who is still living in Cairo, but now old and poor, after having been one

of the first collaborators with M. de Lesseps on the Suez Canal. The original survey over the line was made by him and Linant Bey, another Frenchman in the service of the Viceroy. Commenced during the time of Mehemet Ali, almost half a century ago, in 1847, the Barrage was only completed on its original plan about three years since, by the present head of the public works, Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, who, having expressed regret that Mougel Bey could not have lived to see his work perfected, was informed that he still lived and was resident at Cairo.

At the request of Sir Colin the old man was invited and taken down to the Barrage, where he did enjoy the spectacle of his completed work; afterwards, at the instance of Sir Colin, he received a pension from the Egyptian Government, in consideration of his past services to the country.

The incident does high credit to the liberal and generous spirit of Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff.

The Barrage was designed to keep always enough of water in the Lower Nile for purposes of irrigation. For the Nile is Egypt, and without its fertilizing waters, annually applied to the arid surface of the Delta and the Nile banks, the country would soon cease to be the granary it now is. During early summer the level of the Nile is sometimes twenty feet below the surface of the land needing its irrigation. The primitive Shadoofs and Sakiehs, with the huge water-wheel borne around and around by the mule or the water-ox, as well as the later appliances of pumping engines and centrifugal pumps, have all proved inadequate to supply the want: and it remains to be seen whether the perfected Barrage will entirely meet the difficulty, which expensive canals, cut at great cost, under Ismail Pacha, have not satisfactorily disposed of. The Barrage, built at the junction of the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile, is 1,525 feet in length over the former, and 1,787 feet long over the latter, including sixty-one arches of 16′ 4″ span in each

bridge, and two locks of the respective lengths of forty and fifty feet each. The whole work presents much the appearance of an immense railway viaduct, with a castellated tower at each end.

Here Saïd Pacha once formed the idea of founding a city, and had great fêtes there for a week, at which the foreign representatives, and notables, native and foreign, assisted; the Viceroy playing host and furnishing tents and supplies to the many thousands assembled.

A medal was struck off and distributed to the most distinguished guests, in commemoration of the event, and of the founding of the new city; but there it stopped, and only the memory of the royal intention survived in the minds of the guests, the Viceroy having changed his mind after the fête and the distribution of medals.

According to invariable custom, we travelled only in the daytime, and tied up to the bank all night for security.

At Atfeh we first witnessed the dance of the

Egyptian Gawazees, then numerous and artistic—after their fashion—but now become rare and vulgarized by contact with civilization, in the person of tourists of the 'Arry and 'Arriet description immortalized by *Punch*.

After a week of such voyaging, we reached Boulac, and from thence rode up to Cairo, four miles distant—which we reached as the sun was setting—and bathed our eyes in that wonderful Oriental city of the "Thousand and One Nights," which even still retains some relics of the weird witchery of which we have all dreamed in our childhood, when listening to the adventures of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, and his faithful Vizir Giaffir in its shrouded and mysterious streets.

So slowly do men manners and customs change in the East, or even physical peculiarities, that even to-day you can reproduce in the streets the characters that figure in the "Thousand and One Nights." You still see many one-eyed calendars; more humpbacks; the water carrier with his goat-skin slung over his shoulder, the veiled women—

balloons of black silk perched on donkey-back—and the swaggering scowling negro eunuch, escorting some lady of rank; while the grave merchant still squats down among his wares, smoking his eternal nargileh, and careless of customers.

My reception, which took place at Cairo, was a grand affair. The Viceroy, Abbas Pacha, grandson of Mehemet Ali, was then the reigning Prince; and his life and death afford fine material for a tragedy.

Five months after my reception by him he was murdered by two of his Mameluke slaves, sent him by his aunt, Nasl Khanum, from Constantinople. He was strangled while sleeping, and his dead body was placed in a carriage and driven twenty miles to Cairo, from his palace in the country at Benha, as though he were still a living man. His immediate partisans wished to keep his death secret, until his son, El Hami, could be brought from Constantinople, with a view to securing the succession.

But the truth leaked out, and Saïd Paçha, the legal heir under the Firman of Succession, assumed the reins of government, and held them with a firm hand for about ten years, when he died; and was succeeded by the well-known Ismail Pacha—now among the "monarchs retired from business"—a State prisoner at large at Constantinople, under the eyes of the Sultan.

Abbas, unlike the other descendants of Mehemet Ali, was a retrograde, not a progressive ruler. He loved nothing European, and would not even learn or speak any European language. The foreign representatives could only converse with him through an interpreter, and he saw as little of them, or of any other Franks, as he possibly could—dwelling much at a remote desert palace on the route to Suez, to avoid them.

His immediate line of the family seemed as fated as the old classic house of Atreus. A similar fate seemed to hover over them all—from father to son—until the male line ended with

a prince who was entombed at the bottom of the sea.

The father of Abbas Pacha, sent by Mehemet Ali with a military force to collect taxes in the Soudan from the savage chiefs who owed him nominal allegiance, met a tragic fate. He insulted and struck one of these Sheiks, surnamed the Tiger of Shendy, from his ferocity of character.

Dissembling his indignation, this savage chief affected submission, but at midnight he and his followers surrounded the tents of the Egyptian prince, and piling up dried corn stalks in a ring outside, set them on fire, and literally roasted the whole expedition alive—driving back the poor wretches who attempted to escape with their spears.

Then Abbas himself was done to death, in his palace, by his own slaves, who strangled him while he slept. El Hami, his only son, after having wedded one of the Sultan's daughters, and becoming in consequence a kind of State prisoner

at Constantinople, was drowned while cruising in his yacht in Turkish waters, not without suspicion at Stamboul that the accident had been carefully prepared by "higher order." With him the last male heir of Abbas passed away; but his granddaughter now sits on the Khedivial throne by the side of Tewfik, her cousin, the son of Ismail.

The reception of Foreign Envoys in those days was much more Oriental, and more imposing, than at present, when the Sultan and Khedive both ape the forms and usages of European Courts, and do away with those traditional observances which formerly made their receptions so characteristic.

On my presentation to Abbas Pacha, I was escorted to the palace by a troop of horse and a regiment of infantry, and accompanied by his master of ceremonies, and other high officials, all in most gorgeous uniform blazing with gold embroidery.

Conducted to his presence ceremoniously by

the Grand Chamberlain, I was seated by his side upon a divan with silken cushions; coffee and chibouques with jewelled mouthpieces were partaken of, after which we made short speeches to each other through the interpreter, in the usual complimentary language.

When I rose to go, two officials rushed at me, and invested me with the Sabre d'Honneur —a Damascus scimetar, with a gilt scabbard and rhinoceros horn handle—and as I already wore the regulation dress sword of the official uniform of those days, I was literally "doubly armed."

At the door of the palace there awaited me a prancing Arab steed, in sumptuous housings and velvet saddle, on which I mounted, and rode slowly back, accompanied by my military escort as before.

Then there was a scene enacted which has no parallel in European ceremonials of a like character.

My Dragoman had provided himself with two

bags, one containing gold, the other silver pieces of various denominations, amounting in all to a hundred pounds sterling.

No sooner had I dismounted and passed up the steps of the hotel, than all the escort, officers and men, made a wild rush at the Dragoman, clamorously demanding their customary presents, or backsheesh, which is graduated to a nicety, each officer and each private receiving so much, and pocketing it as his perquisite in the coolest possible manner, without thanks or demur of any kind.

Now State carriages are sent, and the whole thing is more European.

The substitution, however, at private receptions of the present Khedive, of bad segars or cigarettes, for the old regulation chibouque with its amber mouthpiece encircled by brilliants, although an innovation, I certainly do not regard as an improvement. It shocks one's sense of fitness to be offered such a paltry substitute by an Eastern Potentate, and is not

in keeping with the locality and surroundings.

My predecessor in office had left me an arrearage of trouble with the Government of Abbas, which soon embroiled me in a serious quarrel with that high personage, culminating at my second visit to him.

By an old usage, which had the force of law under the doctrine of exterritoriality devised for the protection of Foreign Christian residents in the Turkish Dominions, and originally established under the old Byzantine Empire, all persons attached to or under the protection of a Foreign Representative could not be interfered with either in person or property by the local authorities, but were subject only to the control of such Foreign Representative.

It so happened that, shortly before my reaching Egypt, Abbas had coveted a Naboth's vineyard, belonging to a Christian Copt, in the employ of the American Consulate-General as Dragoman, and thus subject to its authority

alone. He had seized upon and imprisoned the man in violation of the established rule, with a view to the confiscation of his property, with the penalty of death or banishment in perspective.

On the remonstrances of my predecessor the man was liberated, but with threats of punishment, which put him in fear of his life. Notified of this strained condition of affairs, and apprehending evil consequences if I showed any irresolution in protecting the employé of the Consulate-General, and agreeing with the famous Sir Boyle Roche, that "the best way to avoid danger was to meet it plump," I determined to anticipate the Viceroy in opening this delicate question.

But this was a game two could play at, and Abbas was a man resolute in evil, when he had set his mind upon it, and over-confident of my ignorance of the customs, and the ways of the new country to which I had been accredited. He received me at his palace of the Abassieh-

near Cairo, on the verge of the desert, now converted into barracks for the soldiers of the English occupation, but then surrounded by barracks for his own troops, and resembling a fort as much as a palace.

I was received by him with much courtesy. Our conversation had to be carried on through an interpreter, but I took the precaution of having my own official Dragoman with me, to see that my words were rightly interpreted to Abbas.

Only the Viceroy and myself were seated, all others standing up—among them some high officials—such being then the etiquette. After coffee and the usual compliments, while smoking chibouques with jewelled amber mouthpieces of great cost, I opened the conversation by expressing my regret that some misunderstanding had arisen between the Egyptian Government and my predecessor in relation to a person attached to the American Diplomatic Agency. I expressed the hope that His Highness would kindly

give orders to his officials not to interfere further with Askaros Kassis, Dragoman to the American Consulate-General. I added that I had come personally so as to avoid any misunderstanding or unpleasantness.

While I spoke the brow of Abbas grew black as night, and the fingers which held his chibouque twitched nervously. I could not see the expression of his eyes, for, as is customary with the high Turks, he kept them almost closed; but I felt a storm was brewing. But he answered calmly, and, with his insinuating manner, laying his hand familiarly on my knee, as though asking a favour, "Let us arrange this affair amicably; the man you speak of is not entitled to your protection, and does not deserve it, for he has unsettled affairs with my Government. Take a dozen other Copts under your protection if you want them, but leave this man to me, and you may count on my friendship for yourself, and any friend you may recommend, in much more important affairs than this."

"Highness," I replied, "this is not a matter of choice with me, but a simple duty I have to perform. The man is under American protection, and I cannot give him up to you without forfeiting his rights and my own, under the established usage and customs of Egypt under the capitulations, which regulate all foreign intercourse with the local authorities throughout the Turkish dominions."

A sudden change came over the Viceroy's face and figure as I spoke. He raised himself up from his reclining attitude on his divan, and looked me full in the face with eyes gleaming with wrath and menace, but for a moment only. Then his mood seemed to change; he dropped back wearily on his cushions, closed his eyes, and said to his interpreter:

"Tell the Elchee I am weary of this talk; it concerns my Minister of Foreign Affairs, not myself. Let him go to him, and not trouble me any more about so paltry a matter;" and he waved his hand towards me, as though to

dismiss both myself and the subject without further parley.

What then ensued I take from the report of my own Dragoman, who stood beside me, and heard the words passing between Abbas and his own. The words, and still more the contemptuous gesture of Abbas, fired my Southern blood, and I saw the necessity of meeting his insolence with a similar demonstration of my own.

I rose up suddenly from the divan, dashed down the jewelled chibouque I was smoking, which almost struck him as it fell to the floor, crossing my arms over my chest, and said sternly to his interpreter :

"Say to the Viceroy he forgets to whom he is speaking—and insulting : not to one of his subjects, but to his equal, the representative of a Power to which his kingdom would be but a petty province.

"I shall not stay here to be insulted, but demand satisfaction before I go."

As the terrified interpreter stood silent, with his mouth open, uttering no word, Abbas, roused into mingled astonishment and rage by my looks and attitude, though he could not understand my speech, savagely asked the interpreter, "*Enta Magnoun*, is he mad? What is he saying? Tell me, or your tongue will never utter words again."

Thus reassured, the shrinking interpreter gave the substance of my remarks, softening them down as well as he could.

After a moment's pause, the mood of Abbas seemed to change. He leaned back on his cushions, and the frown on his brow relaxed, as he said through the interpreter:

"Tell the Elchee it is all a mistake, and he need not be angry, I did not mean any disrespect to him. I was seized with a sudden spasm of pain, to which I am subject; ask him to sit down again, that we may arrange the matter he wants to talk over with me."

Accordingly I sat down again, and resumed

my chibouque and best manners, and after a brief colloquy arrived at an understanding with the Viceroy, based on reciprocal concessions.

He promised that Askaros should not be further annoyed or molested, and might enjoy the titular post of Dragoman to the American Consulate-General, but stipulated that I should not bring him with me, when I visited the Palace, as the sight of him was distasteful to him; and with this compromise I had to be content.

After this temporary truce it became evident to me that my protégé's life and liberty were in constant peril, since the implacable Abbas was said never to forgive any of his subjects, especially Christians, who had resisted his authority, and sought foreign protection against him.

I counselled Askaros Effendi, for he was a gentleman in birth and breeding, son-in-law to Boghos Bey, one of Mehemet Ali's most trusted

ministers—long dead—to come to me at Alexandria if danger menaced.

A few days after my return to the latter city, he came to me there at midnight in great terror; having fled from Cairo on warning of his intended arrest by the Governor of that city. Seeking refuge from the perils that menaced him, acting under my advice, he secreted himself in the house of my Vice-Consul at Alexandria, adjoining my own, where he would be safe.

My Vice-Consul was an Englishman of high character, whose wife was a most accomplished woman, daughter of an old Eastern diplomatist, representing the United States abroad for many years, and thoroughly conversant with the native character and language.

In this safe harbour the threatened man remained for a week, until we smuggled him aboard an English steamer at midnight, on which he took passage to England, subsequently passing over to America.

There he represented his case and his situation to the Cabinet at Washington, receiving much sympathy from them; and declared his intention of becoming an adopted American citizen.

But the tragical death of Abbas, a few months later, and the accession of Saïd Pacha, who was friendly to him, relieved him from his fears; so he returned to Egypt, and lived and died in Cairo, always however claiming his American citizenship.

After this time my visits to Abbas were few and far between, though he was courteous, when my duties compelled me to call upon him.

With his successor, Saïd Pacha, my intercourse was of the most friendly and familiar kind always, and he trusted and confided in me more than in any foreign agent.

So great was my influence with him, that his people said I had bewitched him; but the only spells I used were straightforwardness and per-

fect frankness in all our intercourse, public and private.

His early death was a great loss to his country and his people, for it ushered in the showy but disastrous reign of Ismail Pacha.

CHAPTER VII.

Shepheard's Hotel in the Olden Time—Making acquaintance of "a Remarkable Arab," then fresh from Mecca!—My English Colleague Sir Frederic Bruce—We spent Summer at Cairo in Old Palaces, in Oriental fashion—Our Mode of Life.

WHAT the Alhambra and Escurial long have been, and are, to Spain—landmarks and shrines for the foreign visitor—that for many years past Shepheard's Hotel has been to the traveller visiting the land of Egypt; and among the many changes wrought by time and the tidal wave of encroaching civilization, that sturdy old relic survives there still.

The history of Shepheard's Hotel, like that of modern Egypt, may be divided into three separate eras:—

First: Its primitive formation in the days of Abbas and Saïd Pachas, before and immediately

after the introduction of railways into Egypt, from 1852 to 1862;

Second: The period of Ismail Pacha's reign, when the modernizing process was begun and pushed with feverish rapidity, until the close of his reign; and

Third: The Semi-Colonial period, commencing after the Bombardment, and continued by the army of occupation, and Downing Street; the duration of which no living prophet may predict.

In each and all of these successive transformation scenes Shepheard's has been the central point from which the show could best be seen by the observant outsider; and a brief chronicle of its various phases will serve as an epitome of the changes through which the Egypt of Mehemet Ali and his successors has passed into the present English protectorate: for with the control of the purse and the sword, as well as of all the important Government administrations, the English occupation amounts practically to this, disguise it under what name you may.

In the year 1856 Shepheard's Hotel presented more the aspect of a grim old barrack than of an hostelry, with its solid stone walls four feet in thickness, and paved likewise with stone, capable of standing a long siege if necessary. And its surroundings then were intensely Oriental. The balcony in front was narrow, uncovered, and paved with stone slabs—not with marble, as now. A black Berber Boab, or door-keeper, in primitive Arab dress, was squatted on his cafass, or Arab substitute for a bedstead—his seat by day, his bedstead by night—just in the doorway, of which, at night, he was the guard.

Outside the donkey-boys held high carnival, making day and night musical with their shrill clamour, and the incessant braying of their donkeys; for in those days carriages were not, and the donkey was the chosen mode of locomotion for native and for stranger.

Gorgeously clad Dragomen, swelling with a sense of their own importance, arrayed as Solomon in all his glory never was, swaggered

and strutted through the passages, or lounged in graceful poses on the balcony, or buzzed like gaudy dragon-flies around the newly-arrived travellers, enticing them to the Bazaar, in anticipation of the three months' Nile trip in dahabieh, the gondola of the Ancient River.

In front of the hotel there were no houses, but stretching across to the Hotel d'Orient for many acres of space was to be seen the old Ezbekieh, planned and planted by Mehemet Ali, the primitive Hyde Park of Cairo, with its gigantic trees and thick shrubbery, with Arab cafés and cafés chantants at intervals, filled nightly with Egyptians of every rank and race, smoking nargilies and chibouques and sipping coffee and raki, and chattering like a flock of magpies. Splendid Arab horses, richly caparisoned with Eastern saddles and saddle-cloths stiff with gold embroidery, were tethered there, or held by the Berberi syces, then, as now, the grooms of Egypt; and long strings of camels

were patiently chewing the cud under the trees while their drivers revelled, or listened to the professional story-tellers squatting on their hams for hours, in a manner impossible to the European.

The sound of the monotonous but plaintive Arab music, with its accompaniment of the darabuka, or fish-skin drum, and the droning chant of the Egyptian singer, rose incessantly on the air from the various quarters where Egyptian dancing men or women were writhing and wriggling their lithe forms in those indescribable posturings, which no one who has once seen can ever forget. Coarse tents were spread in all directions where there was space, and a current of noisy life poured through every artery of the Ezbekieh after the sun went down, and the toils of the day were done, far into the night; especially when moonlight—the wonderful moonlight of Egypt—silvered the scene, and dispersed a radiance almost equal to, though softer than, that of day.

The streets were silent and deserted, the hum of labour had ceased, the houses were all closed, a few twinkling gleams from lofty lattices alone indicating that this vast hive of humanity, with its half-million of inhabitants, was not a city of the dead; and prowling wild dogs alone traversed the narrow and deserted streets, so thronged with noisy life a few hours before. Only an occasional wayfarer, with paper lantern in his hand to light the way, might be seen hurrying home.

One spot alone was full of light and life—the Ezbekieh, illuminated by innumerable coloured lanterns suspended from the trees, and in front of the coffee-houses; and there crowds of people of all nationalities might be seen strolling up and down, or sitting on the benches in front of the cafés, smoking or sipping coffee or other refreshment.

Independently of the residents and tourists—then numbering only hundreds where there are thousands now—Egypt furnished no less than

sixteen races among her population, each distinguishable by some peculiarity of costume, manners and speech; a medley such as could not be found congregated elsewhere in the wide world. There you saw men of all shades of colour, different types of race, and varieties of costume: the half-naked Fellah, or peasant; the stark naked Santon or saint; the richly-clad Turk; the Arnaout soldier, a walking arsenal; the coal-black Nubian; the coffee-coloured Abyssinian; the copper-coloured Arab; and the strait-laced European; all mingled and fused together, conversing together in a perfect babel of every known dialect of Eastern and Western tongues. The absence of all women, save of the lowest class, rendered the scene still more unique and remarkable.

The guests at Shepheard's had thus an "Arabian Nights Entertainment" improvised for them always, without care and without cost, in this Egyptian Champs Elysées, whose cafés chantants required no fee for entrance.

Saïd Pacha, the then Viceroy, was disposed to encourage the introduction of foreign emigration, arts and industries, first commenced by his illustrious father, Mehemet Ali; but the foreign tide then poured into Alexandria, and left Cairo to her repose beneath the sycamores of her Ezbekieh.

One reason for this was the slow transit before the introduction of the railway, when a week was consumed on the voyage from Cairo to Alexandria, now made in four hours and a half. That voyage was made in the Nile boat, or dahabieh, by sail and oars, and tracking when the wind failed, or was unfavourable. It involved the expense of employing captain and crew of the Nile boat, and provisioning for a week's trip for forty miles through the Mahmoudieh Canal to Atfeh, on the Nile, and thence up the river to Boulac, the port of Cairo, about four miles distant from the city.

From Cairo you went by the overland route, established by Waghorn, in one night, in vans

drawn by mules, into which passengers were packed like sardines.

On all four sides of the Ezbekieh were the old Okellas, or native buildings, occupied by Christians, either of foreign or native descent—human rabbit warrens, and somewhat resembling those primitive structures in internal arrangement. In front, a high blank wall, with no windows below, only a low door leading through a dark, narrow passage, into a large courtyard, in which a donkey was usually stabled, and poultry found in profusion. Around the courtyard, with windows looking into it, you found the dwelling-place, access to which was given by a flight of stone steps on one side. The acrid Arab smell—a pungent and most peculiar odour, unlike all others — assailed your nostrils the moment you entered the courtyard, which was usually very filthy and uncared-for.

The furniture of these dwellings was of the simplest and most inexpensive kind, and almost

exclusively Oriental. Low divans, about two feet in height, cushioned with cotton, ran all round the walls of the room, which had neither chairs nor tables; Turkish or Persian rugs carpeting a small strip of floor in front of the divans, and courcies or stools, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, being the only other furniture.

Of course the few Europeans then residing at Cairo had their houses furnished in European style, and with European furniture; but they were but a handful in those early days; and many of the Levantines, or old residents of European descent, adopted the simplicity of Eastern housekeeping.

Inside of Shepheard's there were but few permanent residents, composed chiefly of tourists (who then passed weeks where they now do days or hours, under the terrible pressure of Cook's tourist system), and European officers in the Viceroy's military service.

But the chief amusement and excitement

were then derived from the passage of the Overland transit to and from India, encamping a few days there, marching Eastwards or Westwards, coming like shadows and so departing.

To the old residents or habitués the ebb and and flow of this flood were most curious and amusing, and the contrasts offered by these two human tides most marked and peculiar. The bronzed and bearded men, with their spare sinewy forms clad in the thin stuffs of India, contrasted strongly with the smooth-shaven and rosy-faced civilians, or round-faced subs going out to join their regiments, full of life, fun and vigour; and the two seemed scarcely to be of the same race and nationality.

More striking still was the contrast afforded by the women of these two currents of the living tide, setting in from or to India. The sallow, worn, haggard-faced women from India, restless of eye, loud of speech, independent in action, and often aggressive; despatching their bottle of beer at

each meal, were brought into contact and comparison with the fresh-faced, blooming, shrinking English maiden—most helpless of all young animals—consigned to friends in the Indian matrimonial market, to return home after a few years' sojourn transformed into the likeness of her elder sisters, at whom she now stares with shrinking amazement. When the vans of the transit lumbered up to the door at Shepheard's in the early dawn, dire was the confusion and the rush that ensued, as the passengers poured into the passages in search of food and sleeping accommodation. In they swarmed, men in pith helmets, and women in indescribable costumes—a compromise between a bedgown and a bathing dress—to take forcible possession of any rooms that might seem to be vacant in advance of their competitors, without asking any questions of the landlord or his clerks. With satchels in hand, to mark possession when secured, unceremoniously opening any doors which proved to be unlocked, these invaders frequently made most awkward

entries, and often tried to hold their ground against prior occupants, if once in possession. The careless occupier of an apartment, neglecting to bar and bolt his door, would frequently be awakened towards the dawn by a bright light, and the sudden apparition of these odd figures, male and female, invading the sanctity of his private rooms, and grumblingly departing after some conflict for the possession of a spare parlour, had he secured one.

In fact, hints were frequently thrown out to the awakened slumberer (if a man) to the effect that "gallantry should prompt him to cede his place to ladies who had just arrived, fatigued after a long journey;" and that "a man could sleep anywhere." The songs of the Sirens to Ulysses possibly may have been sweeter, but they could not have been more urgent and peremptory, than those made in olden time by the fair or sallow invaders of Shepheard's Hotel.

Shepheard himself, who founded and gave his name to the hotel, in the early days of Waghorn and Mehemet Ali, was a character and an original. He was a short, sturdy, strongly-built John Bull, of the old type, both in looks and manner; independent and brusque to the very verge of rudeness, and often beyond it; no respecter either of position or of persons, yet full of geniality and generous impulses, concealing a heart of gold under a rough husk. Such was the founder of Shepheard's Hotel—who, though many years dead and buried in his native Warwickshire—has left behind him a name that is identified with Egypt and with Cairo as closely as it would have been had its owner built a pyramid. Perhaps, to the ordinary English tourist, the name of Shepheard is even more familiar than that of Cheops or of Chephron.

Ever following the footsteps of the square, sturdy figure of "mine host" was a genuine British dog—dirty white in colour, built on the same model as his master, with the snub nose

and projecting under jaw that marks the purity of the breed. But, unlike his master, the enervating effects of the climate had told on him, and demoralized him. His pugnacious propensities, which on his first arrival had caused the premature death of many of the wandering street dogs who know no master, and who first held him in mortal terror, had gradually dwindled and decayed with his quailing spirit; until even those spiritless outcasts held him in contempt, and he might have been enrolled as a member of any canine peace society.

Becoming more and more addicted to slumber and less to fighting, on a fresh display of cowardice on his part his irascible master was with difficulty restrained from killing him. But he has long ago followed that master to the place where there is perfect peace, for the British bull-dog as for the British man. Yet his memory still survives with the remaining few, who then were the habitués and the familiars of Shepheard's; among whom may be numbered the famous Captain

Richard Burton, fresh from his pilgrimage to Mecca as a Hadji. The memory of the dog is kept fresh by the nickname "Shepheard's bull-dog" being given to any European who has become demoralized by long residence in the enervating climate of Egypt.

To-day the old frequenter of Shepheard's, when he re-visits that renowned hostelry, and recalls his impressions of the olden time—the time when mine host with his burly presence and rubicund face was the presiding genius of the place, and marble had not superseded the stone of Egypt in its echoing passages—sighs over memories of the happy past, before Cairo had been Haussmanized and de-orientalized. Far rougher and less comfortable than it is to-day, it then was still the Orient—something far apart from the West and all its ways.

Now the march of improvement, Cook, and the English occupation have so de-nationalized Egypt, that it has almost grown into a suburb of Cockaigne; and the Arab, in any way attached to

the English tourist or resident, affects to speak English.

Seeing these things, how can the old resident do otherwise than exclaim, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Curious Characters at Shepheard's Thirty Years Ago—Dr. Abbott—Burton—De Lesseps.

DURING the time of Samuel Shepheard, as proprietor of the famous hotel which still bears his name at Cairo, although he has been slumbering many years under the English sod in Warwickshire, his birthplace, many original and curious characters of diverse nationalities made that hostelry their daily haunt.

The place and time and the environments were all favourable to the development of personal peculiarities, and whims, and oddities, unrestrained by social restrictions; for there were not then

more than twenty European residents at Cairo, outside of the Consular Corps. Alexandria was at that time regarded as the capital city, and head-quarters of the diplomatic agents, and the Court; for it was the favourite residence of Saïd Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt before the invention of the Khediviate.

Saïd Pacha was in many respects himself an original—resembling both in person and character bluff King Henry VIII. of England—his Eastern nature and habits having been tempered by the training of his French tutor, Kœnig Bey, an exceedingly clever man, who occupied high office when his pupil ascended the throne. Succeeding his nephew Abbas, who was a thorough Oriental in all his thoughts, feelings, and habits, Saïd Pacha endeavoured to introduce Western improvements into Egypt. Unlike King Harry, however, the Viceroy cared little for the fair sex. One wife sufficed him—a most charming woman of Circassian extraction—the Princess Ingee Khanum, who still survives, respected and

beloved, and kept in queenly state by his successors.

The passion of Saïd Pacha was for military affairs, and he would spend weeks under tent, in the desert, remote from Cairo, in the midst of five thousand soldiery, whom it was his delight to drill and review.

He retained for his troops the old Turkish uniform, and the jacket and baggy breeches, with the inevitable fez on the head; but some of his cavalry had fancy accoutrements, modelled after ancient Eastern costumes.

One regiment of cavalry, composed of blacks from the Soudan, was habited in the ancient chain armour of the old Crusaders, man and horse, and the effect of these was very striking. He did something to improve Alexandria, the great central square being his work; but the improvements (so styled) at Cairo, which have so marred its Eastern aspect in the European quarter, were the work of his successor, Ismail. The French influence was the strongest in those

days, and the European employés in the Ministries were chiefly of that race, or Armenians educated in France, whose flesh had been very much fishified by residence at Paris. An exception must be made in the case of a very remarkable man, Hekkekyan Bey, Armenian by birth but English by training. Sent to England by Mehemet Ali to be educated, Hekkekyan had become as much an Englishman as it was possible for an Oriental to be; his scientific acquirements were of no mean order, and he was a corresponding member of many leading scientific associations, to which he contributed most curious papers. A visit to his house, which was a thoroughly Eastern one in all its furniture and accompaniments, seemed like a return to Europe and civilization, for the divans were covered with English and French books and newspapers, and the host himself might have passed for an Englishman, masquerading as an Oriental, though the fleet dromedary on which

he ever rode, stood waiting for his master at the gate: and, although a Christian, the harem usage of not introducing the women to visitors was kept up.

For in this respect the Eastern Christians, Armenians, Syrians, and even Greeks, conformed in those days to Oriental custom of keeping the sexes apart.

Hekkekyan Bey had a theory of his own about the original uses of the pyramids, which he believed had been intended as a barrier against the sands of the desert, when there had been a long chain of them, not only the three now remaining. He was a tall, stately man, with a flowing white beard and a piercing eye, but too candid and outspoken to obtain the favour of an arbitrary master or retain office after obtaining it. His life was therefore chiefly spent in philosophic research, and it was prolonged to the patriarchal age of ninety and upwards. One of his greatest friends and companions was an Englishman, an eccentric but

very able man, whose peculiarities made him one of the most noted characters in the older Egypt of which I write. This was Dr. Henry Abbott, known as "Old Doctor Abbott," to distinguish him from his brother George, twenty years his junior. "Old Doctor Abbott" wore always the full Eastern costume, short jacket, embroidered vest and baggy breeches, with a red fez drawn down to his eyes, over a shaggy head of grey hair. His hands were usually thrust into his capacious pockets, as he waddled or rolled, rather than walked along; for he was very short and very stout, and appeared stouter still from his ample costume.

Mounted on the donkey he habitually bestrode, any stranger would have mistaken him for a Turk, and the fluency with which he spoke Arabic would have kept up the delusion.

He had married an Armenian woman who spoke no European language, and his house was an old Arab one kept on the Eastern plan,

to which you gained admittance through an open courtyard in which donkeys were tethered, and fowls and ducks picked up a living as best they could. Admitted into the house, through a narrow door pierced in the wall of this courtyard, up a winding flight of worn old stone steps, you entered a small square room, with low divans running around the walls, upon which squatted the square form of the old Doctor, usually absorbed in a book held very close to his eyes, for he was near-sighted. Without rising he would motion you to be seated beside him, and thrusting his arm down to his elbow in his breeches-pocket, would draw forth a large and strong cigar, which he preferred to a pipe.

His conversation was both amusing and instructive, full of details concerning Mehemet Ali and his times, which were then "The Good Old Times." To prove both his courage and his convictions one anecdote may suffice. During the earlier days of his stay in Egypt the plague

prevailed on board the Pacha's ships of war; and Dr. Abbott insisted that it was not infectious. His medical colleagues insisted it was. To prove his statement, Dr. Abbott actually inoculated himself with the virus of the plague! and his faith was justified; for he did not have the disease, then or subsequently.

The Doctor was a great habitué of Shepheard's Hotel, and ever warmly welcomed by mine host himself and the old stagers there, who always had a keen encounter of wits with the eccentric Medico.

Another Englishman was the Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General, Sir Frederick Bruce, brother to Lord Elgin, afterwards Minister to the United States, where he died.

He was a large man, fat, fair, and florid, and of unruffled amiability. Being, like myself, a bachelor, we agreed to spend a summer at Cairo, by way of a trial, and accomplished the feat successfully. We hired two old palaces with

large gardens surrounding them, in the Old Cairo Quarter, where no European dwelt, and lived the life of the Orient as thoroughly as we could.

In each garden was a large tank, in which a man might bathe or swim, and Sir Frederick Bruce contracted the habit of passing severa hours after mid-day in his, immersed in the water like a water-ox, clad only in the loose Indian pyjamas, with a book on a reading-board sloping from the bank. Here he one day had an adventure with some of his fair country-women, passing through Cairo from India; who, bent on seeing their representative, under the guidance of an intrepid Dragoman, penetrated into the garden, and were leisurely advancing upon their submerged Consul-General, when his indignant shouts to the Dragoman warned them not to proceed, and to beat a hasty retreat from this haunt of the Diplomatic Merman!

Our day was usually thus divided.

We rose at break of day, every day there

being a bright one, without suspicion of clouds or rain, mounted our Arab steeds, and passed through the *Bab el Nasr* (or Gate of Victory), near the tombs of the Memlook Kings, those wonderful specimens of Moorish architecture, lovely even in decay and ruin, and issued forth on the desert. There an hour's sharp gallop over its hard and level surface, towards Suez, circulated our blood, and the gallop back gave us an appetite for breakfast—a light meal of coffee and bread. After this the bath (the Turkish bath of course), from which we emerged fresh and supple, after the parboiling and shampooing. Then, slipping on pyjamas, or some other thin costume, we wiled away the hot hours of the day reading, talking, smoking; or stretched at lazy length on the luxurious divans, where the afternoon siesta was taken.

After sunset, the gallop on the desert again; late dinner at nine o'clock; cards or billiards after; and early to bed.

Such was the routine of our summer life at Cairo, where, in the shade, the heat is tolerable enough; though the thermometer in the shade often rises to 104° Fahrenheit.

Among the Englishmen sojourning at Cairo was James Hamilton, well known at Rome. He was at one time Private Secretary to Pope Gregory, and his books of travels in the East are among the best on that wide subject. His "Foot prints in North Africa," and his "Visit to the Rock Cities of Petra," are admirable specimens, and his personal adventures have all the interest of a romance.

To continue his studies in the Eastern languages and life, he took a house in the old quarter of Cairo, among the Arabs. There he had a curious experience, and a proof of the widely different standards of morality in East and West.

A week after he had occupied his house, with only his man-servant to wait on him, he was visited by the Sheik of the Quarter, a venerable

Egyptian of imposing appearance. After the usual compliments and the coffee and pipes were disposed of, the Sheik el Belled commenced by expressing his regret that his Arab neighbours, while admitting the inoffensive character and deportment of the Frank, objected to his remaining there.

"On what ground?" said Hamilton.

"Why," replied the Sheik, "they say you are not a moral man!"

"Why," said the astonished Englishman, "no woman has ever set foot in my house since I have occupied it!"

"Yes," responded the Sheik, "and that is the very reason they give. They say you have no harem in your house, and therefore must prove a troublesome neighbour. If a man has no harem, he must meddle with his neighbour's. It is not decent."

So poor Hamilton, the most modest of men, had to prove his morality in a way which would have destroyed his character in any European

community, to meet the scruples of his Egyptian neighbours !

He hired a hideous old Italian woman as his cook, and received a congratulatory visit from the Sheik of the Quarter, expressing the perfect satisfaction of the whole Quarter with him.

Such are the varying standards of East and West. The pet theory of the famous traveller Sir Richard Burton is that "morality is an affair of latitudes," and it was certainly verified in this instance.

There was also Frank Sankey, a versatile and accomplished man, who was by turns errant Englishman, Lieut.-Colonel of Bashi-Bazouks in the Crimean War, and finally Vice-Consul at Kustenje, in Asia Minor, where he died, after writing most valuable and interesting sketches of the Arabs of his neighbourhood, throwing much light on that unknown region, and the wild tribes that people it.

There were also at that day in the Government

service several Europeans who had embraced Islamism, and strictly conformed to its rites. One of the most remarkable of these was Suleyman Pacha, Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, whose story was a strange one. He was a Frenchman, and had been previously known as Col. Sèves, of the army of Napoleon, but remained in Egypt after the French evacuation, became a Mohammedan, and rapidly rose in the good graces of successive Viceroys, until placed at the head of the army. He married an Egyptian woman, adopted the harem system, and until his death adhered to the Moslem creed, as his children also have done.

The late Cherif Pacha—the rival of Nubar Pacha—who was so often Prime Minister, became his son-in-law, and was much more social with Europeans than the old Frenchman, whose associates were exclusively those of his new faith.

Suleyman Pacha was a tall, thin, stern-looking man, with a long white beard—every

inch a soldier in bearing and gesture; in dress and appearance a perfect Turk — one who never would have been taken for a European.

He had conformed zealously and thoroughly, and whatever his real religious convictions may have been, there could be no doubt as to his political ones.

At that period also there flitted across the scene from Alexandria to Cairo, and thence into the desert where Saïd Pacha held his encampments, the restless and indefatigable pioneer of the Suez Canal, M. de Lesseps, then considered by most people as a visionary.

Two years earlier he had obtained his first concession for the cutting of the canal from the Viceroy; but it had proved dead-sea fruit in his hands, from English and Turkish opposition.

Between the Porte and the English Government he lived the life of a flying fish. No sooner had he escaped the one, than he was

pounced on by the other; and it was not until he had secured the powerful support of Napoleon III., that he felt the ground firm under his feet.

This, and the "indemnity" of £3,000,000 given him by Ismail Pacha, under the French Emperor's "arbitration award," converted a dream and a promise into a reality.

M. de Lesseps was at that time a well-preserved man of a little more than fifty years of age; and even more youthful in mind than in body, full of energy and wonderfully fruitful in expedients. His skill in horsemanship, his knowledge of Eastern character, his persuasive manner, and the friendship of Saïd Pacha, his youthful playfellow when his father was in the French Diplomatic service in Egypt many years before, gave him his first foothold. The idea of the Viceroy in granting the concession was, that by "giving Europe a strip of the Desert," as he termed the route, he would get rid of the Foreigner and his intrigues, at his two cities of

Alexandria and Cairo, at once and for ever; a prevision far indeed from having been realized, as the world now knows. For it is the Suez Canal, more than any other feature, which to-day makes Egypt almost a British Colony, and the battlefield of all the Powers having an interest in the Mediterranean and the remote East. This is the cause which keeps English troops at Cairo, and makes the little war in the Soudan begin to rival the siege of Troy in duration, with little prospect of termination; and keeps alive the irritation of France, still dreaming of "the French Lake" proclaimed by her great soldier; and awakens new aspirations of colonization in Italy. But these are questions too grave to be discussed here. *Revenons à nos moutons*, and to the De Lesseps of three-and-thirty years ago.

He was then a trim dapper man, of slight figure, tightly buttoned up in a close-fitting frock-coat, with the rosette of the Legion of Honour always in the button-hole.

He was full of enthusiasm and vivacity in talking of his project of connecting the two seas.

He was a widower with two grown-up sons, and thirteen years later he took unto himself a second wife, of only nineteen years, and became a Patriarch in the number of his children.

The photograph of his nine young children in the pony cart has been made familiar to all by the Illustrated Journals. He once explained to the writer his own ideas of the secret of his success. "*J'ai toujours en la confiance*," he said; and doubtless an unshaken confidence in himself had much to do with that success, after obtaining the powerful Imperial aid of Napoleon III., through his far-off cousin the Empress Eugénie. It was that which gave him the fulcrum for his lever, which Archimedes sighed for. His hair and mustache were grey, even in his earlier days, but he had preserved the youthfulness of his aspect and carriage. To-day he is probably the

youngest old man alive, although the collapse of the Panama Canal scheme must have wrenched him terribly in mind and body.

Such were some of the men who frequented Shepheard's Hotel thirty years ago.

CHAPTER IX.

My Protection of Greek Colony—Exciting Incidents—What it meant—Liberal Offers—What Protection means in the East—Dramas in Real Life.

THERE were two dramatic incidents during my administration in Egypt, which greatly excited and interested me at the time, and which secured me a second term's enjoyment of my office. This is not usual under our most defective civil service system, under which, as a general rule, the Foreign Representatives of the United States are changed every four years, as well as the President and Cabinet Ministers.

There are so few exceptions to this custom as only to prove the rule.

The superiority of the system which educates a foreign representative up to his work, through

successive grades, and utilizes his knowledge of foreign countries, derived from long residence in, and intimacy with, them, as in the case of Sir William White, English Ambassador at Constantinople, who rose from the ranks, as it were—being originally only Consul in Eastern outposts —cannot be doubted or denied.

The American Government is always partially educating its representatives abroad, and replacing them just at the time they are beginning to understand their duties, and acquire an intimacy with the men and things around them!

But this is outside the purpose of this book, so I need not dwell upon it.

The two incidents I mentioned were, my protection of the Greeks during the Crimean War, and my visit to Jaffa, to avenge outrages on American missionaries.

My protection of the Greeks was not voluntarily assumed, but forced upon me by circumstances beyond my control.

At the period of the Crimean War, when the

policy of the French and English Governments was to protect the Turk against the Russian at all costs, the Greek residents in the Turkish dominions were found to be a very inconvenient and troublesome factor in such an arrangement.

With a natural instinct for political intrigue, heightened by their traditional hatred towards the Turk, both as a man and as a bloody persecutor of their race and creed, their sympathies naturally went with the Russians, who proposed substituting a Christian for an Ottoman Empire on the Bosphorus. . Hence they intrigued so openly, and showed their sympathy so plainly, as to excite the wrath, not alone of the "unspeakable Turk," but of their Christian allies as well.

The result was an edict of expulsion launched against all Greek residents in Turkish dominions, and their enforced return to Greece—a country known to them chiefly by tradition as the home of their ancestors, but with which they indi-

vidually had nothing to do, all their interests and possessions being elsewhere. Confiscation, ruin, and beggary stared them in the face, and they declared they would rather perish by the sword than go, leaving behind them almost all that rendered life acceptable.

The order was sent to Egypt, as a Turkish province; and there, the Greeks controlling most of the trade, and owning most of the real estate at Alexandria, were terror-stricken and almost desperate at the threatened expulsion.

After receiving the order from Constantinople, the Egyptian Government did not hesitate long about putting it into execution.

The Greek Consul-General, M. Tossitza, the only protector of the proscribed people, was sent his passport, and expelled from the country, with a delay of but forty-eight hours, and then the sheep were left at the mercy of the ravening wolves, their hereditary, as well as religious enemies, the Turco-Egyptians, who controlled the Government.

The Viceroy, Abbas himself was known to be a fanatical Turk, with no love for foreigners of any kind, and with the old race hatred against the Greek especially, who, of all native Christians, the Mussulman detests the most, because he fights for his faith, with arms in his hands, and has ever been a thorn in his side; while other native Christians have been patient sheep under the hands of the shearer.

So when the Greek colony was officially notified of the orders from Constantinople, and saw the expulsion of their Consul-General and protector, and were themselves given a short notice to wind up their affairs and leave the country, they were driven to desperation, and wildly declared they preferred to perish rather by the sword than by hunger; having no other country, and no other interests, than in Egypt.

Their leading men appealed in vain to the Foreign Consuls-General, under whose protection many of them had hitherto rested; while the

great mass who had been under the protection of their own Consul-General were now like sheep without a shepherd, and the natives were not slow in availing themselves of this state of things; insult, injury, and robbery at once beginning to be practised against them by "*the true believers*" with perfect impunity.

I was hurried into action by an incident happening just in front of my own house, which came near costing me my life, and convinced me that the temperature was getting squally for the foreign residents in Egypt, under the fanaticism created throughout the Mussulman world by the conflict between Turkey—the embodiment of Islam—and Russia—the supposed incarnation of Christianity—in the East.

My Consulate-General—a large stone building—was situated looking on the street near the Grand Plaza—the heart of the city. I was smoking my chibouque on my balcony, overlooking the street, and my secretary was standing by my side, when we saw, advancing up the road

towards the public square, a tumultuous crowd of Egyptian soldiers, bearing aloft what looked, at the distance, like a banner of some kind; while loud cries of derision, in which "Kelp Nazareni!" ("Christian dog!") sounded conspicuously, and awoke the echoes of the otherwise silent and deserted street, it being the hour after mid-day, when all European Alexandria was supposed to be sunk in the slumber of the siesta.

For between the hours of twelve and two every shop was shut; even the banks closed, and gorged humanity was aiding digestion with the soothing accompaniment of sleep.

As the noisy crowd of riotous soldiers approached and passed under my balcony, I recognized the object, which I had mistaken for a banner or emblem of some kind, to be nothing more than a very battered European hat, stuck on a bayonet; while in the midst of the tumultuous crowd I saw a poor wretch of a Christian, on whose head blows were showering

from musket-butts, and into whose person bayonets were being prodded, to assist his faster locomotion.

The sight so exasperated me that, forgetting all considerations of common prudence or common-sense, I seized a riding-whip lying on the divan in the adjoining room, and rushed, like a mad-man downstairs, through the ever-open door below, and confronted the howling mob. Two bayonets were immediately pressed against my breast, and the folly of my act impressed itself upon me, and immediately cooled down my exaltation of feeling.

I saw it was vitally important to bring the men to their senses by an exhibition of authority, which always tells in the East.

"Dog!" I said to one of the soldiers who had levelled his bayonet at my breast, striking him sharply over the face with my whip at the same time, "do you know I am the Elchee Melican?" And as the man recoiled, I strode forward, seized on the arm of the Greek, whose tormentors

released him, and, before the soldiers had time to get over their surprise, had dragged him inside the heavy door, which my Boab (door-keeper) promptly closed in the faces of the crowd. I heard, from my safe refuge inside, the sullen growl, as of angry wild beasts, and the muttered curses on the "Nazareni" from the baffled soldiery; but they did not tarry long, but left us in peace, still, however, bearing with them the high hat on their bayonet point, in mockery of the Christians.

The edict for the expulsion of the Greeks from Egypt was not limited to any particular class or condition, but embraced all of that nationality not already enjoying foreign protection, as representing foreign commercial houses, or such as were Rayahs, or Christian subjects of the Porte. Among those who were threatened were some of the most conspicuous and influential members of society in Alexandria and Cairo.

When my sympathy for them became known, my Consulate-General was besieged with Greeks,

representing all classes of that community—weeping women, with their children, lovely young girls, and grey-bearded men.

They were in the position of a community which some great convulsion of nature had visited, wildly searching for some escape from a calamity none of them had foreseen, or could provide against; and life or death, comfort or starvation, depended on their deliverance.

It was a most painful and trying experience to me, as to them; and awoke my deepest commiseration, and the resolve to help them if I could.

My English colleague, the brother of Lord Elgin (afterwards well known at Washington, where he was English Minister), Sir Frederick Bruce, was one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men imaginable, and felt very acutely the painful position in which he was placed by instructions which it was his duty to obey. When I appealed to him to assist me, he frankly avowed this, and expressed his

regret at his inability to take any action in the matter.

He said,—

"Your position is entirely different from mine, and you can venture to take a responsibility which I cannot. A great many of these people are well known to me socially and otherwise, and they have made appeals to me which have been painful to resist, but my hands are tied, as you yourself must see and acknowledge."

It was impossible to resist the force of his reasoning, or urge him to fly in the face of his instructions, whatever his personal feelings might be; so, solitary and alone, I had to take all the responsibility of an act which my own Government might disapprove of, and disavow, after I had taken it.

After I had done so, and assumed the responsibility, my Government preserved an ominous silence for many weeks after their reception of my dispatches acquainting them with what I had

done; and did not endorse my action until after I had notified them of the successful termination of my intervention.

I was allowed to assume the responsibility, and was assured from the first that I had staked my position on the result; of which I could not reasonably complain.

The approval of my Government finally reached me, and was very gratifying, couched as it was in complimentary terms, as far as diplomatic usage permitted in formal Despatches.

A more substantial evidence of the satisfaction my course had given at home, was a notification from the Secretary of State under the next administration (General Cass), that in consequence of the services I had rendered in Egypt, I need not go through the usual form of tendering my resignation of my office as was customary at the close of each administration, as it was the desire of the Government to retain me at my post.

This was a very rare compliment, and one that flattered and pleased me very much.

The scenes which took place at my Consulate-General while the matter was pending, however, were well worthy of being portrayed by the pen of the novelist. A series of dramas in real life were constantly being enacted there which the imagination of the reader can easily reproduce; the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, the place, and the actors being called to mind; and the vivacious temperament of the Greeks made the dénouement of the scenes still more exciting than they would have been in a colder clime, and with a less excitable people.

Although, at that time, the youngest and the newest of the Corps Diplomatique in Egypt, composed of the six great Powers—England, France, Russia, Austria and Prussia, and the United States (the others having only consular and not diplomatic powers)—I called on my colleagues to hold a council as to what course should be adopted, to prevent the recurrence of the

revolting and disgraceful scenes which were now being daily enacted in the streets of Alexandria, by the Egyptian soldiery and police against the Greeks, who were outside the pale of Christian protection, and fair game for the cupidity and fanaticism of the natives, official and non-official.

The convocation of my colleagues proved of no avail. They refused to co-operate with me in any measures for the retention of the Greek colony in the country, or for the protection of such of them as refused to leave it; alleging their instructions from their Ambassadors at Constantinople as binding upon them, and preventing any interference on their part.

When, exasperated by their diplomatic indifference I announced my intention of putting the Greeks who choose to remain under the protection of the American flag—a right I claimed under the capitulations and treaties—my French colleague sneeringly asked,—

"Will you have cannon here to enforce your protection?"

I replied,—

"That I did not believe cannon would be necessary; but if so, the United States had recently proved at Smyrna that they were not afraid to use them when necessary."

And so we broke up in admired disorder, and the Greeks were more frightened than before and began to believe their condition desperate.

Learning of my action at the convocation of Consuls-General, the Greeks sent me a message through my friend and Vice-Consul, William Moore, praying for my protection; and offering to deposit at any bank I would name, to my credit, a very large sum to compensate me for any possible risk I might run in losing my office, in taking such responsibility; there being no time to consult my Government, as there then was no telegraph line to Egypt. The whole affair was to be strictly confidential.

My Vice-Consul promptly told them that I was not the kind of man to be bribed, but that he would communicate their offer, and give them my reply, as soon as he could see and confer with me.

He said he felt ashamed to approach me in that way, but thought it his duty to do so, leaving the matter to my own judgment.

He returned to the Committee of Greeks immediately bearing this answer—that "The American Consul-General always gave, never sold protection, and only forgave the insult of their offer in consideration of the terrible situation in which they were placed."

Then, mistaking my motives, some of the Greeks asked my Vice-Consul,—

"Does he want more? if so, name how much. We fear he is going to desert us, and then God help us! we are lost men."

My friend smiled, and answered,—

"You make a great mistake, and cannot understand our way of doing business in the

American Agency, nor the character of the man who controls it.

"He told me to say to you that he will not desert you, but intends protecting you to the extreme limit of his power and authority. But there must be no talk of buying or selling about the matter, which has already disgusted him.

"If your colony will pledge itself to him not to intrigue against the Turkish or Egyptian Governments, he will take you under American protection, subject to expulsion from Egypt if you violate your promise. This is all he asks from you. And on this basis he will go to the Viceroy and do his best to arrange the matter to his and your satisfaction."

My Greeks, although still dubious as to my intentions, in consequence of my rejection of their liberal offers, professed their willingness to obey my instructions, and to make every pledge necessary to secure American protection. As soon as I felt assured that my protégés understood what the relations between us were to be,

I donned my uniform and drove down to the palace to see the Viceroy.

I must admit I found him much more amenable to reason—and ready to co-operate with me, in as far as he could without committing himself with Constantinople, or my colleagues in Egypt, acting under their instructions—than I had expected.

Not loving the Sultan or the Turks overmuch, I think it rather amused him to thwart their policy in this matter; and he admitted that the Greeks were very useful to Egypt, in carrying abroad her products. "If I chose to take the responsibility of protecting them—subject to the conditions I had named—then he did not want to quarrel with me or my Government, but should refer my colleagues to me, in case of their complaining of his not having carried out his orders from Constantinople." This he did, when the French and English representatives spoke to him on the subject.

"What can I do?" he said; "that Magnoun

(madman), the American Consul-General, has taken them under his protection, and you know his Government is as mad as he is; go to him and settle it; I can do no more!"

My colleagues did not come to me, and so the matter ended by my giving the Greeks papers of protection, as American protégés, under the old usage—making my Consulate-General responsible for their good conduct in all respects, even as though they had been American citizens.

They proved to be a very troublesome charge, however. Some of them I had to deport—withdrawing their protection for misconduct—but the great majority of them were quiet and law-abiding, and remained with me, for almost eighteen months, until their own Consul-General was reinstated. They were litigious above all things, going to law on all possible occasions, and compelling the employment, in my Consular Court, of an additional clerk to do their business.

One of them, by name Miriango, an agent of

one of the Rallis, after I had handed them back to their own Consul-General, presented me a silver tea service, with an inscription commemorating his gratitude for the service I had rendered; and I prize it as the sole recognition I received from my Greek friends, except a series of very glowing resolutions passed at a public meeting at the close of my stewardship.

At the risk of being thought egotistical I have ventured to make this narration of facts, familiar at the time to every one at Alexandria and which can be vouched for by persons then cognizant of, and interested in them, who still survive—some of them now living in England. I have thought it best to state things precisely as they occurred, both as a justification for my interference, and as giving a vivid picture of a time long preceding the massacre of the Christians at Alexandria after the bombardment in 1882; showing that the old leaven of hatred the Frank and the Christian is always fermenting in

the Moslem breast, however much prudence or policy may induce its concealment or suppression.

It must not be supposed that all the difficulties of my task were over when I had secured the stay of proceedings on the part of the Viceroy, and the tacit consent of my Foreign colleagues to my temporary adoption of the proscribed Greeks. For it was some time before the persecution of the Greeks by the soldiery, and the lower class of Arabs, ceased.

I had constantly to intervene and appeal to the Viceroy, to protect my protégés against acts of violence and spoliation; but finally succeeded in securing them in person and property against wrong and insult. In some instances my Vice-Consul, Mr. Moore, and myself were threatened with violence, and had to incur personal risk in protecting our partially adopted citizens. The fermentation of the Mussulman mind against them subsided slowly,' and the irritable and aggressive character of the modern Greeks

furnished only too easily good pretexts for their enemies. For, changed as they are in many ways, the descendants of the Ancient Greeks have inherited most of the mental and moral characteristics of their ancestors—which made the old Greek Demos hard to live with in peace, even when subjected to no rule but that of men of their own race; though, as Byron has justly observed, "their tyrants then at least were their countrymen," men of their own blood and faith, such as Polycrates.

There were constant jarrings and collisions taking place, therefore, between the Egyptians and the Greeks in the streets of Alexandria, which called for my intervention; and I did not rest on a bed of roses for many months after I took charge of these unruly children of a larger growth, to whom I had furnished letters of protection.

Some few only were so turbulent and troublesome that I had to warn them to leave Egypt; for they would talk politics in the streets and

cafés, and get up quarrels in which they were ready in the use of the knife. But I had to keep my compact with the Viceroy faithfully, so as to give him no pretext to violate his agreement with me.

CHAPTER X.

Visit Greece on Invitation of the King—What I Saw There—The Athens of Thirty Years Ago, and the Court and People—Reminiscences—Decorated with the Order of San Sauveur—Athens Now and Then.

My first visit to Athens, the City of my boyish dreams and classic recollections, was in the autumn of 1856, when I was holding an official position in the East. The Crimean War had converted Turkey into a quasi-European Power, and compelled her to give guarantees of non-interference with her young and troublesome neighbour, whose expansive powers she has since had just cause to regard with apprehension, resulting in actual territorial loss, with more in anticipation.

From the Greeks resident in Egypt and Constantinople, who, in renouncing the residence on the classic soil of their fathers, had not renounced

their nationality, or their fervid patriotism, I had learned the sentiment reciprocally entertained between Hellene and Turk, which neither time, flood, war, or fire, ever has or ever can eradicate from the breast of either; or even soften or modify, though the contempt of the latter for the former has now hardened into hatred, not unmixed with fear.

Until the Millennium shall arrive, no man who knows either can reasonably expect anything more than a hollow truce to exist between the two races, whenever they come in contact.

Sailing out of the Golden Horn into the Sea of Marmora, and thence to the Dardanelles, past Gallipoli with its treacherous shoals, which have wrecked more vessels than Scylla and Charybdis, we reached the classic Bay of Salamis, forty-eight hours after leaving Constantinople.

To highly-wrought expectations sharpened by schoolboy recollections, and memories of the mighty host of the Persian Invader, as magnified in ancient annals disdainful of arithmetic and

dealing in myriads, this famous bay is a disappointment—almost a disillusion. It is a pigmy basin, shut in by mountains. How and where the Persian monarch could have stored away or disposed of the myriads of soldiers he was said to have "counted at break of day" (in itself a miraculous feat), on the steep sides of those mountains, becomes a problem to the inquiring mind of the traveller, which, even with the aid of his Murray, he will find it difficult to solve satisfactorily.

Our disappointment was further aggravated on learning that seven days' imprisonment in the shape of quarantine, awaited us before our eyes could be gladdened with the vision of the Parthenon, or our feet tread the soil hallowed by heroic ashes,—

> That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
> First greets the homeward veering skiff;

The rocky seat of the Persian king on the mountain side, with the open expanse of sea and sky which framed them in, together with a dis-

tant view of the shabby little village of the Piræus, were all the sights on which we might feast our eyes for the coming week of penitential purgatory to which we were decreed.

It certainly was not flattering or pleasant to be regarded and treated as lepers by our "fustanelled" friends; but there was no help for it, nor could we like Homer's heroes chafing at the delay before Troy, "fill the air with our deep Ionian curses," since that would have been a superfluous waste of wind. The modern Romaic tongue, now in use, resembles only most remotely the ancient Greek, as taught in schools and colleges, even in its imprecations.

A Russian hulk—a present from the Czar to Greece, which then possessed no navy—for which no other use could be found than the base and unwarlike one of quarantine, served as our "*locus penitentiæ;*" the boat which had borne us hither sailing away to its further destination and leaving us in Limbo. Once, indeed, a ray of hope did illumine the darkness of those long

long days of hope deferred, when we climbed up the mast of the hulk to catch a far-off glimpse of the ruined temples and crumbling walls of the distant Acropolis, distinctly visible over the flat plain of Attica five miles away.

I was visiting Athens by invitation of the king as a Phil-Hellene, who in Egypt "had done the State some service" officially, in the capacity of United States representative there, by protecting the Greek colony, threatened with expulsion *en masse*, as sympathizers with Russia and enemies of the Sublime Porte during the dark days of the Crimean War. One of my fellow-travellers, an hour or two after our arrival in quarantine, roused me from my study of Murray's guide, with which I was reviving my classic recollections, grown rusty by long residence among Arabs and Egyptians, by calling out excitedly that one of the king's *aide-de-camps* was approaching the hulk in a row-boat, and was doubtless sent as a special messenger to his expected guest!

At the same time my companions in captivity clustered around me, praying my all-powerful intervention with the authorities for their speedy liberation also, which petition was graciously received with diplomatic reservations.

The boat neared the hulk and rested on her oars at a respectful distance, to avoid compromising its crew, and we could not but admire the gallant figure and classic face of the supposed *aide-de-camp*, and the magnificence of the costume which set off his manly attractions, the dress of the old Greek Pallicar, with no hideous modern modifications. On his head was the small scarlet fez, set jauntily on one side, with its long purple silk tassel descending on his left ear.

A tightly-fitting cloth jacket, richly embroidered with gold thread hung loosely from his broad shoulders, protecting his manly chest, with rows of small silk buttons running down each side from top to bottom ; fully one hundred yards of snowy linen, in stiff starched plaits, composed his

fustanella, that compromise between a shirt and a shift, which does double duty in the Greek costume, standing out like a fan over the hips, and swinging with each step taken by the wearer. The waist, drawn in like that of the wasp, was encircled by a silken sash, of as many varied hues as Joseph's coat which excited the envy of his brethren. The legs were encased in tight gaiters, richly decorated with gold embroidery, terminating in snowy stockings and red shoes with turned-up points, like those seen in the armorial effigies of the knights of the middle ages.

The only deviation from the old Pallicar costume was the absence of the crooked yataghan, thrust into the sash, and the butts of pistols protruding there from on either side, together with rows of cartridges garnishing the breast; for our glittering visitor wore no arms of any kind.

Standing up in his boat in all the bravery of the trappings imperfectly described, this stately and imposing personage made a graceful saluta-

tion, Oriental in its exuberance of demonstration; and on the end of a long staff elevated what seemed a card, on which something was printed in large characters, conveying, as we all supposed, the commands of his royal master.

By common consent I modestly advanced, returned the salutation as gracefully as I might, and detached the card from the staff held up towards me. Amidst the hush of excited expectation, in an audible voice, I read the following communication :—

ELIAS POLISCHRONOPOULOS,
Proprietor of Hôtel d'Angleterre,
Street of Hermes, Athens.
First-class Hotel; *Terms moderate.*

Then in small characters in writing—

"Passengers in quarantine supplied with meals *at fair prices.*"

Blank astonishment, quickly succeeded by wrath and disgust, followed the reception and

reading of this delusive card, plunging us again into the dark abyss of hopeless captivity, after our brief dream of royal intervention in our behalf, as a token of a nation's gratitude towards the expected Phil-Hellene—thus far regarded as an open Sesame by all the crew.

If glances, like unto those of the fabled basilisk, could have slain, our gilded Greek would not have survived that hour; but there he sat, smiling and serene in his boat below, the unconscious cause of our disappointment, awaiting our orders for the creature comforts he was prepared to bestow, but strangely dwindled in person, and sadly dimmed in the glory of his raiment, to our jaundiced eyes. Yet cool reflection conquering our unreasonable wrath and disappointment, we made terms with him for our daily food, and the glittering but delusive vision faded away from our sight in the coming shades of night, propelled by the vigorous arms of the Greek boatmen; and our hopes of freedom, like those of the "Captive Knight in the Paynim Tower," in

the old song, vanished with that imposing presence.

For many long and weary days thereafter did we climb up the mast to catch a distant view of the Acropolis; also killing time by rowing in a small boat over the placid waters, and landing on the rocky shores, opposite the Piræus, where there were no habitations, and consequently no inhabitants to infect with any malady we might have been supposed to have brought with us from Constantinople or the Dardanelles, both (be it said) found and left by us in perfect sanitary condition.

The Piræus in 1856.

Thirty years ago the Piræus—the port of Athens—was a forlorn-looking, straggling little hamlet, with a few long sheds, more like huts than houses, with not a tithe of its present population. It was as unlike the present showy, bustling town—with its wharves, warehouses, and fac-

tories, and imposing private residences, as the present Athens, with its marble palaces and broad boulevards, was to the shabby little village, crouching under the shadow of the Acropolis.

The most salient object which struck the eye of the quarantine captives imprisoned on the hulk, was a large range of tents stretching out along the shore outside of the village. The sounds that chiefly disturbed the silence of the spot were the beating of the drum, the strains of martial music, and the parading on the beach of a body of French troops, quartered there to preserve the place, but whether for or against the Greeks is still a profound mystery to the present writer, as it was at the time.

One morning at early dawn the drowsy prisoners on the quarantine hulk were roused from their slumbers by unusual clamour, bustle, and animation, proceeding from the French encampment. Drums were beaten, bugles blown, horses neighed, soldiers swore at them, officers shouted out words of command, and all the stir

of military movement was displayed on the shore to our newly-opened eyes.

We were kept in suspense as to the meaning of this unusual parade until our faithful Polischronopoulos came to us at mid-day with our daily provender, and with a serious face, concealing suppressed satisfaction, solved the mystery.

One of the ostensible reasons for this friendly military occupation of Grecian soil by a friendly Power was the suppression of brigandage, then one of the leading institutions of the country, as the first fruit of Greek liberation, and of the Crimean War.

It was the transition. period, so wittily and so truthfully depicted by Edmond About in his too-famous "Roi de Montagnes," concerning which, shortly before his death, he expressed humorous penitence to the writer of these sketches at Constantinople, as having soured all his Greek friends against him. Well, it seems the King of Mountains, or his Lieutenants, had played a

practical joke on the French commander, and taught again the Latin lesson—

Quis Custodiet ipsos Custodes ?

even under the shadow of the banner of France.

For the brigands, at early dawn, had descended on the tent of the gallant chieftain and borne him away into captivity, to parts unknown; leaving an insolent message, that unless a ransom of many thousand drachmas were promptly deposited at a certain spot on a hill-side indicated, the ears, and other portions of the gallant officer's person, would be sent in, in instalments, until the specified sum was paid.

The blending of the tragic with the comic in this incident was well understood to be no joke; for the Greek bandits of that day were men of their word in such matters. So off galloped the senior officer to the French Minister at Athens, and the two conjointly applied to the half-distracted King Otho to furnish the money requisite

to rescue their compatriot from the hands of his own subjects.

A request which, in the financial condition of Greece, was as painful and as difficult as the extraction of the unfortunate potentate's molar teeth.

But as there can be "no disputing with the master of legions;" as the French Government was not to be trifled with, the luckless Bavarian had to add this item to the long profit and loss account with Greece, which terminated in his expulsion a few years later without the settlement of his "little bill." After much negotiation between the two royalties (he of the Mountains, and he of Athens), the ransom was deposited under the designated stone on the hill-side, and the crest-fallen French commander restored to his disconsolate troops, and "the occupation" resumed its usual routine. This was the only incident which diversified the monotony of our quarantine, which dragged its slow length along, at the cost of a napoleon per day, until

the joyous hour of our liberation from the hulk; but not from Elias Polischronopoulos, who bore us off triumphantly to a private quarantine —the Hôtel d'Angleterre—where, fierce and fell as the bandits of the mountains, the Greek flea, and his sable cousins, sucked our blood; while our host, as landlord and dragoman, depleted our other circulating medium. Poor Polischronopoulos! a better fellow and an honester (according to his profession) never breathed, or sported snowy fustanella and embroidered jacket—never lightened the tourist's pockets of his coin!

More than twenty years later, revisiting Athens —almost modernized out of my recollection—I saw, from the window of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where I had just descended, on a sign across the street, the well-remembered name. But it was not that of my old "guide, philosopher and friend" in person, who the year before had gone to join the great majority, and his nephews, sadly unlike my meteor-like guide, now bore his classic appellation. From them I learned that his end was

characteristic. Madly careering over the plain of Attica, on one of the lean and weak-kneed steeds of that arid plain, the animal fell, and broke his rider's neck *instanter*. And thus the glittering vision of this survivor of the elder epoch, in all the gorgeous bravery of the old Greek costume, was seen no more by the pilgrims to Parnassus and the Acropolis; and the guides of to-day are but as dim shadows, contrasted with him!

Eheu quanto minus est
Cum reliquis versari
Quam tui meminisse.

But in the earlier days of which I write, Elias Polischronopoulos was a familiar presence in modern Athens; the cheeriest and best informed of guides: and if his stories sometimes smacked of the marvellous, and his facts and figures were difficult to verify, the imaginative instincts of his race, and the glamour that ever envelops Greece as an atmosphere, plead for his pardon.

He seemed a revival of the old Pallicar,

externally and internally, minus the arsenal of arms decorating those picturesque personages; the last relics lingering around the "home of lost gods and god-like men," celebrated by the poets.

In those days there was no tramway between the Piræus and Athens, and the only modes of traversing the distance were, either to walk, or drive in the shaky old hacks, drawn by two lean horses, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion, which proved "rum 'uns to look at, but devils to go."

The memories of that ride haunt me still. We started in, and continued to be enveloped by, such a cloud as Homer's heroes never complained of; only the cloud was of dust, not of vapour, and through its veil we could only catch glimpses of the arid plain of Attica, with its stunted and withered-looking olive-trees, twisted and gnarled like gnomes, their small, pale green leaves affording but little shade for man or beast. There was a half-hour's stoppage at a small coffee-house midway, chiefly for the benefit of

the driver, who there partook of muddy coffee and native sweetmeats, washed down by the fiery mastic (or Greek brandy), at our expense.

Well contented were we, when the carriage drew up at the door of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where the radiant Polischronopoulos smilingly awaited us. Just opposite the hotel we beheld what seemed a barrack, embowered in a wood, but which proved to be the Palace in which Bavarian rather than Grecian taste seemed to have been consulted. Swallowing a hasty breakfast, at which figured the veritable honey of Hymettus, with its bitter-sweet taste of wild thyme, we sallied forth to climb the steep hill of the Acropolis, pausing to admire the Temple of Theseus at its foot, and reviving the recollections of St. Paul's famous words to the men of Athens, as we lingered near the Areopagus; and of Socrates, as we peered into his dungeon. That cell or cave, a lofty cone admitting light and air only from the top when the rude door was closed. Its sole occupants were sheep and we

entered it deeply impressed by the *genius loci*, and heedless of scoffing sceptics who denied that "Athena's wisest" ever was imprisoned there!

Climbing up the rugged hill, and pausing for breath on reaching the summit, we beheld those wonderful ruins, which, even in decay, challenge the admiration and excite the envy of the modern world, toiling in vain to imitate them. Thirty years ago those ruins and their surroundings were not swept and garnished as now, but still remained in the condition in which the Turk, retreating like a wounded wild beast, had left them; and the effect (to my mind) was far more striking and suggestive than now, when much of the rubbish has been cleared away. For then, at almost every step you stumbled over some broken or mutilated fragment of column or statue which once was "a thing of beauty," and the frowning ruins of the Erectheum and the Parthenon were fitly placed in the midst of rubbish and desolation, through which the

reverent pilgrim had toilsomely to pick his way.

But in the midst of this rubbish and ruin, "like a joy for ever," towering on high over the lovely view far beneath, arose in its beauty, undimmed by time or decay, that matchless Temple of "The Wingless Victory" (with its world-worshipped Caryatides), before which Christians as well as pagans have for centuries bowed down in worship. But it is not my purpose to describe over again so hackneyed a theme, done to death so often in prose and rhyme.

Sufficient to say, that from thence, passing through the street which still bears the classic name of Æölus, we visited his famous Temple, which is still in excellent preservation; and plunged into the narrow and tortuous streets which then represented modern Athens. We saw mean little shops, and an unattractive population dressed in the old Greek costume; among whom might occasionally be encountered men and maidens bearing the stamp of their descent, and

worthy of being apostrophized in the fiery verse of Byron. For the Poet, who certainly chastened those whom he loved, in prose and rhyme, in one of his notes to "Childe Harold," repeats a remark made to him by an old French resident of those days, as to the identity of the characteristics of the population of Athens with the olden time. "Monsieur!" said the cynical Gaul, "they are the same *Canaille* that existed here in the days of Themistocles!" a strong, if unflattering testimonial as to the purity of their descent from the ancient Athenians! Their modern statesmen have had good reason to be reminded of those hereditary traits, as they can freely testify.

I have already stated that I had come to visit Greece as a Phil-Hellene, to receive the thanks of the Government for my intervention on behalf of their people in Egypt in very sore straits. One of my first duties therefore was to pay my respects to King Otho, then at the head of the young Kingdom.

The palace of King Otho was the same as that at present occupied by King George; but it is now much the worse for wear. It always presented more the appearance of a barrack than anything palatial, being a long low three-story building, with a flat roof, and not the slightest architectural pretensions. There were gardens both in front and rear; the former public, the latter private.

The palace and gardens occupied a large space of ground, and around it were grouped the few good private dwellings, and the two hotels then existing in Athens. Sentries in the Greek uniform paced up and down in front of the door; but there was no display of military force anywhere.

I was not left waiting long for my reception. Within twenty-four hours I received a summons to visit the palace, and repairing thither, found the King's aide-de-camp awaiting me. On entering the Palace, but few attendants in livery were to be seen; and the long passages echoed to our footsteps, and seemed deserted.

Royalty appeared to be very much left alone at Athens; and if there were courtiers, they were not visible. The aide-de-camp was dressed in the old Greek costume, as were all the officers and officials at the palace. After having been conducted through several bare-looking rooms, scantily furnished, I was ushered with much ceremony into the presence of King Otho, who stood alone in the centre of the reception-room, dressed in full Greek costume —red cap, fustanella, embroidered jacket, and leggings included. He was a tall, spare man, with a marked German face, with that strained and earnest expression peculiar to the deaf; for he was afflicted with that infirmity, and conversation was difficult with him on that account. The language he used was French. He was most courteous and complimentary, and spoke with pride and hopefulness of his little kingdom, to which he seemed much more attached than it afterwards proved to be to him. The impression King Otho produced on a

stranger was that of an amiable, well-meaning man, but not a particularly brilliant or energetic one. He afterwards tendered me the Order of the Saviour, in recognition of the services rendered the Greek colony in Egypt under critical circumstances, of which the Greek journals were also profuse in acknowledgment.

Leaving the King, I was taken across the building to the apartments of the Queen, Amalie, and was received most graciously by her Majesty, who stood up at the farther end of the room, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, one of whom (a most lively girl) was the granddaughter of the hero Bozzaris. Queen Amalie was a large and very stout woman, with a determined face, strong character stamped in every line of her countenance; in every word, and every gesture. She was much the stronger vessel of the two decidedly, and a fearless *equestrienne.* She could be seen every day galloping furiously along the rocky roads which lead out into the country. She spoke French, with a less German accent than her

consort, expressing her views with much independence.

Short as was the term of power of the two sovereigns, they did much for Greece, and received no gratitude in return. But the King's Palace, built from Otho's own purse, and the Queen's gardens, outside the city, still remain as mute witnesses of the interest they took in, and the work they wrought in, Greece. Whether the selection of King Otho was a wise one, it would be useless to discuss at this distant day; but his treatment of the people he honestly tried to serve, and for whom he liberally disbursed most of his private fortune, was certainly not such as to encourage King George to make many sacrifices, when he recalls the history of his predecessor on the uneasy throne of Greece.

The Grecian *Demos* has ever been a most difficult animal to manage; and the hereditary traits have still their existence in his descendants.

There were no Court festivities going on at the time, and the society, as well as the population,

was greatly more restricted than now; so that for the stranger in those days, visiting the ruins in Athens, and as far outside of it as the prevailing brigandage permitted, were the sole attractions of the place.

The growth of Greece, both in production and population, under all its drawbacks, has been almost marvellous, when all things are considered. In 1856, the population of Athens was but 30,000; by 1861, it had risen to 41,298; by 1869, to 49,500; and in the year 1884 numbered 85,000; thus almost trebling its population in twenty-eight years!

Nor has her increase been in population only. Taking the export trade of Greece, we find that it has quadrupled between the years 1859 and 1882—viz., from 24,000,000 drachmas, in 1859, to 85,000,000 drachmas, in 1882.

To-day the population of the Piræus exceeds 32,000 regular residents, and 10,000 transient persons, including mariners; and it can boast of thirteen steam mills and factories; while the

receipts of the Piræus Custom House in 1882 amounted to 7,375,201 drachmas. Such rapid growth in so short a time reminds us more of the New World than of the old; more of creation than of resuscitation.

Just before my departure from Athens I received the subjoined letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, accompanied by a morocco box containing the cross and decoration of the Greek Order of the Saviour, and the formal papers, in Greek and in French, conferring that honour upon me. The decoration was really a very pretty one; but I had not been educated to care for things of that description.

TRANSLATION.

"SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that it has pleased His Majesty the King to confer on you the Cross of his Royal Order of the Saviour.

"His Majesty has desired to recognize, by this signal mark of his favour, the zeal which

you manifested in regard to his subjects residing in Egypt during the interruption of friendly relations between Greece and Turkey, and for the useful and efficacious aid given by you to them at that time.

"I have the honour herewith to send you the 'Brevet' and the decoration intended for you, and profit by this agreeable occasion to offer you, with my sincere congratulations, the assurance of my highest consideration.

(Signed) "M. POTLIS.

"Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

"To M. Edwin de Leon, Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General for the United States at Alexandria."

Flattering as this proceeding was, I yet felt greatly embarrassed by it; for, while I did not feel disposed, as a Republican, to accept and wear a decoration which I considered was not in conformity with my avowed principles, I did not wish to act ungraciously towards the King of

Greece, who had shown so friendly a feeling towards me. After much reflection I decided on a course which I thought might remove all difficulties—save my own self-respect, while not offending His Majesty.

I wrote, in reply to the Minister, expressing my high sense of the honour which His Majesty had deigned to bestow on me, and my recognition of his own courteous kindness in conveying it, but expressing the wish that, while allowing me to keep his letter and the Royal "Brevet," which I should prize among my most valuable possessions, that I might be allowed to return the insignia which accompanied them, for this reason :—

I was a Republican in sentiment and practice, and regarded decorations as anti-Republican, and therefore could never wear the one His Majesty had tendered me. But I thanked him most warmly for the honour he had paid me, and hoped he would not misinterpret my request, in view of the circumstances.

I received a prompt reply from the Minister, stating that he had submitted my letter to His Majesty, and that both the King and himself concurred in recognizing the adherence on my part to Republican principles, and respected my scruples.

His Majesty would feel gratified by my retaining the papers as a souvenir of his friendly and grateful feelings, and I was at liberty to return the insignia, without giving the slightest offence to the Royal susceptibilities; which I did.

On making my visits of *congé* to the King and to the Minister, they both expressed verbally the same sentiments, and His Majesty was most emphatic in lauding my Republican consistency; and we parted with mutual professions of high respect and regard.

An amusing little incident followed what some of my highly decorated countrymen who shine in foreign Courts may consider this Quixotic act of mine.

One of my friends—an American Secretary

of Legation abroad—on hearing of my action, wrote me a most glowing letter of approval of my "truly Republican conduct," and hoped it would be imitated universally by our foreign representatives.

A year after, having been sent to another foreign Court with a ratified treaty, he was tendered, and accepted, a decoration, which he also wore with much satisfaction. I immediately wrote to congratulate him and condole with him on his change of heart. I have no doubt he was sincere on both occasions.

CHAPTER XI.

Visit Jaffa to Avenge Outrages on Missionaries—Terrible Tragedy perpetrated there by Bedouins and Arabs—Dangerous Condition of the Country—My Life Threatened—Kept in a State of Siege for Three Weeks—Insult Governor in his Divan—Dare-devil Freaks to intimidate Bedouins—Final Success—Diplomatic Correspondence.

RESTING quietly at Alexandria, I one day received a most urgent appeal from Mr. Gorham, American Consul at Jerusalem, to come to his assistance at Jaffa, where a series of brutal and terrible outrages had been perpetrated on the family of an American missionary named Dickson.

Although Jaffa was not under my jurisdiction, which only embraced Egypt and its dependencies, I could not resist responding to the call; the more especially that Mr. Gorham wrote he found

himself powerless to get the Governor of Jaffa to take any serious action in the matter.

Accordingly, after first attempting to persuade the commander of one of our war vessels, then with his ship in the harbour of Alexandria, to take me to Jaffa, and help in obtaining redress, I sailed off in very stormy weather, in one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, which run along the Syrian coast. The commander of the U.S. frigate was an old-fashioned officer, who would do nothing without special orders from the head of his department at Washington; and we could not wait for that. So I sailed off with my secretary and janissaries (Consular guards), leaving my gallant captain and his war-ship behind.

The voyage was by no means a pleasure trip, for the weather was stormy, and the steamer an old one.

Driven into the port of Beyrout, in a crippled condition, with one paddle-wheel shattered and her engines damaged, the Austrian steamer on

which I had embarked was unable to proceed on her voyage—after three days' buffeting by the winds and the waves.

I availed myself of this casualty, by commencing the war at Beyrout, the Pacha there being the official superior of all the Pachas or Governors in Syria—assisted by a special diplomatic agent sent from Constantinople by the Sublime Porte, also resident at Beyrout.

The following extract from my despatches to the Secretary of State at Washington will show how I fired my first gun :—

"After reaching shore on the morning of the 2nd February, we paid a visit to the Governor of Beyrout, at which the circumstances of the case were strongly and plainly laid before him, as well as the probable consequences that might result from the failure of the authorities at Jaffa to discover and punish the offenders, who had committed three crimes, each capital, on the dwelling and on the persons of American citizens. He was given to understand that

nothing less would satisfy the American Government. The Governor promised to write to Jerusalem and to Jaffa again on the subject, having already written on receiving information of the occurrence from the British Vice-Consul at Jaffa. On the ensuing day he returned my visit, and was still more profuse in promises."

Mr. Gorham was at Jaffa eagerly expecting me, and from him I learned the details of the outrage on the Dickson family, who had lived on a farm on the outskirts of the city of Jaffa—the ancient Joppa of the Scriptures, from whence Jonah embarked on his memorable voyage.

The Dickson family, who were religious enthusiasts, had come to Palestine from Maine, partly from religious, partly from industrial, reasons. They farmed a large plot of land, and, by introducing agricultural improvements, were doing well. The family was composed of Mr. Dickson and his wife, elderly but vigorous people; his eldest daughter, who was married

to a German—an adopted American citizen—and a younger daughter, of about twelve years of age.

Unsuspicious of any danger, the women of the family were in the habit of bringing up water from a spring at some distance from the house in which they resided; and they were frequently met by the Arab and Bedouin men who frequented the same place. But they had never been insulted or molested in any way, and had no fear. One night, however, the family were awakened by a knocking at the door, and the elder Dickson, raising the window and putting his head outside, demanded what was wanted. He saw five or six Arabs standing outside, one of whom said they had lost a cow, which had strayed into his grounds, and wanted him to come down and help them search for the missing animal. Totally unsuspicious of any evil intent on the part of his visitors, the old man awakened his son-in-law, and, accompanied by him, proceeded to unbar the front door.

No sooner had they done so, than the young

man was shot dead on the threshold by one of the Arabs, and the old man beaten over the head with the butts of their guns, and left insensible on the floor. The ruffians then rushed upstairs, seized on the helpless women, and violated the old woman and her eldest daughter, in the most deliberate and brutal manner; sparing only the little girl, who crouched half dead in a corner, and was a witness to the unspeakable barbarities of these fiends in human shape.

Summoned from Jerusalem by his American Vice-Consul at Jaffa, Mr. Gorham had vainly attempted to obtain any satisfaction, or any energetic action from the Governor, and hence his appeal to me.

Jaffa, from the sea, presents a most picturesque appearance. There is no roadstead or harbour, and access to the place in stormy weather is difficult and dangerous, through a narrow channel with huge rocks on either side, and the waves tossing about the little native barks like cockle-shells. The city itself is built

on the side of a high hill, one tier of houses rising above the other, many of them gaily painted, and all of stone. A high stone wall with massive gates shuts in the city, and protects it from the Bedouin marauders, who control all the country between Jaffa and Jerusalem, really giving allegiance and obedience only to their own Sheiks, though nominally subject to the Porte.

The walled towns are garrisoned by a small number of Turkish troops under the orders of the Turkish Governor, whose authority does not really extend beyond the walls of his town.

The children of the Desert are actually as free from outside authority as they are from taxation, and their respect for their nominal master is very small indeed.

The post, therefore, of Turkish Governor, under such environments, is both a delicate and a difficult one; and as they have a wholesome fear of the wild Bedouins outside, their policy is generally that of a "masterly inactivity," unless

severe pressure be put upon them by some one they fear more than the Bedouins.

With these facts I was familiar, and therefore fully understood the difficulties of the task I had volunteered to perform.

On landing we proceeded to take up our quarters at the Latin Convent, whose massive stone walls and long narrow passages, manned by a few resolute men, could hold against a horde of Arabs, should mischief be meant.

Here we installed ourselves, warmly welcomed by the Fathers, who considered their own safety in the country imperilled if outrages against Christians were permitted to pass unpunished.

It is the custom of these Eastern monasteries to receive all travellers, exacting no pay, but expecting a modest compensation from the traveller thus entertained. Now, since the establishment of hostelries in Jaffa and other towns by the all-pervading Cook and his compeers, I suppose they entertain fewer travellers at the convents. Nothing could exceed the

hospitality and good-will of these Latin Fathers, who seemed to have been recruited from all classes and conditions of men. The superiors generally were men of high culture and strong character: among the rank and file simplicity and earnest devotion seemed the chief characteristics. We remained their guests for three weeks, and to the last moment were treated with the same courtesy and kindness, although we must have given them much trouble and much disquiet.

The Governor of Jaffa was prompt in extending towards me the official courtesies due to a Foreign representative.

He sent his secretary to welcome me, and ask when I would call on him. I replied, the next morning, at his Divan; adding that, as I came on business of importance, I hoped he would have his Megliss or Council assembled, that I might meet them at the same time.

The next morning, at 10 o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Gorham, and his and my Consular Guards,

all armed to the teeth, I went to visit the Governor. Although his house was not a hundred yards distant, I put my escort on horseback, to make a more imposing display, and slowly rode up to the door.

Here we were formally received and ushered through several long passages to the council chamber, where, with his Megliss, he was awaiting our coming. As the curtains over the doorway were parted, we saw the Governor and his council all squatted on divans, smoking chibouques.

They all put by their chibouques, and rose to greet us, remaining standing.

I advanced to the Governor, made him the usual salutation, but did not take the seat at his right hand which he indicated but remained standing, as did every one else — courtesy requiring I should be seated first.

Then the Governor spoke through his interpreter: "Will not His Excellency sit down and partake of our hospitality?"

I replied, "No, I cannot sit down, nor partake

of hospitalities, for I do not come here for that purpose but to ask for justice, which has been denied my people, though urgently demanded by my colleague, the United States Consul at Jerusalem, who stands at my side."

The Governor's brow darkened, and a low hum ran through the council at this most unexpected response.

"Are our countries at war, that you speak and treat us thus?" he asked.

"The shedding of the blood of our citizens without redress is war," I answered; "and it is not we who have done this thing, but your people, who go still unpunished."

The Governor seemed embarrassed. He pulled at his beard, and said:

"The reason why we could not trace the culprits was that there has been rain, and it has washed away the tracks of the criminals. We cannot find them!"

"Rain cannot wash out blood," I answered. "The criminals must be found, and punished."

"What can you do if we cannot?" he grimly replied. "Your country is very far off: how can you reach us?"

"We have vessels of war," I said: "one I left in the harbour at Alexandria, and others can come soon. They can throw shells many miles, and leave not one stone of Jaffa on another, if you compel a war between our countries by denying justice. Will you take the responsibility?"

The firmness of my attitude, and the confidence I exhibited, evidently staggered the Governor.

"Let there be peace between us," he answered. "I will do all I can. Now, sit down with us, and we shall see what we can do to satisfy you; for, as our Governments are not yet at war, why should we be?"

So we all sat down, and smoked chibouques and drank coffee together; and after some talk, the Governor declared he would cause active measures to be taken to trace and apprehend the

criminals, and that I should hear from him the next afternoon on the subject. And so, like the two devils in *Le Diable Boïteux*, "having embraced and secretly sworn eternal hatred," we parted with outward courtesy, after the Oriental method.

For in the East people are polite, even if they intend to poison you at the first convenient opportunity.

That night the Dragoman (Interpreter) of the Jaffa Consulate came in, out of breath, and said :

" Do you know what the Governor has done ! He has sent out into the street and arrested five vagabonds, whom he is going to give up as criminals ; but a clue has been found, for the police have discovered some of the property taken from Dickson's house in a man's possession, and through him we may discover the real culprits."

The next afternoon the Governor summoned me again to meet the council, and after pipes

and coffee, declared they had discovered the culprits, whom he had in custody.

I asked for the proofs of their guilt.

He could give me none.

I then said I could not consent to punish men against whom they could find no proofs, especially since I knew that there were proofs against a person who, if arrested, might confess and name his accomplices.

Finding I had seen through his "little game," the Governor then proceeded to perform another comedy. He gave orders that the innocent men should be released, and the real criminals arrested. On the ensuing day I was again invited to meet the council, and informed of his arrest, as well as the detection of some of the stolen property in his house.

But the man proved obstinate, and would confess nothing.

Then (as I afterwards learned), they resorted to a torture worthy of the middle ages, to extract the confession.

They would not allow the wretched man to sleep, building up a bright fire on the stone floor of his cell, and keeping him awake, by marching him up and down between two men night and day. Forty-eight hours of this discipline compelled confession, and the criminal declared his guilt, and denounced his accomplices.

Two of these, residents of Jaffa, were easily secured; but the two others were Desert Bedouins of a very powerful tribe; and to get hold of them was no easy matter.

But the Governor devised a stratagem, which was successful.

He invited the great Sheik of the tribe to a conference on other matters of interest to the tribe; and when he came, in perfect confidence of the Governor's good faith, he was seized, ironed, and thrust into a prison, to be kept as a hostage until the delinquents of his tribe were given up to justice.

This summary proceeding stirred up the

Bedouins of his tribe into a swarm of angry wasps.

Had not the Governor taken the precaution of closing the city gates against them, the Bedouins would have stormed and sacked the city, and massacred the few faithful Turkish soldiers garrisoned in it.

As it was, for many days we were kept in a state of siege, with closed gates, by the angry and threatening swarm outside, who patrolled the roads on their lean horses, with long lances gleaming in the sun, and those long single-barrelled guns, with ornamental breeches, never seen now out of the East.

Their wrath and disgust however could not manifest itself, except in useless demonstrations. For they could not scale the walls of the city, nor batter down the gates; and the well-armed Turkish garrison, though few in number, could have held the narrow streets of the city, guarding the entrance against all this rabble rout.

In order to produce an impression on the minds of the natives, I resorted to a bold stroke, in which there was some peril. I was tired of being cooped up in the town, and knew the Arab character well enough to know that any appearance of timidity on my part might imperil the success of my mission, and render abortive the high-handed measures I was about to propose to the Governor to take.

Placing on horseback my reluctant retinue of janissaries, Vice-Consul and Dragoman, in all amounting to eight persons, and providing them with revolvers, I ordered the city gates opening on the country to be opened, and rode through into the Bedouins' encampment just outside the gates. This I did with as much coolness and indifference as I could command.

But my hand was on my revolver all the time, to be ready for any hostile demonstration. The gates closed behind us, and we slowly rode past the long line of low black tents, swarming with Bedouins and their families, and past the mounted

warriors armed with long lances, who swept past us at a full gallop, their ragged bornouses fluttering in the air.

No man molested us, neither did they greet us with the usual salutation, but glared wolfishly at our party.

The audacity of the act overawed them, and the next day we heard it reported that they had declared the American Elchee must have a charmed life, or he never would have ventured out among them as he had alone; or that he was "Magnoun" (mad). Madness carries with it in the East a kind of sanctity and immunity; so on these two grounds we escaped the consequences of the peril we had braved, and ensured the respect of our enemies, who despised the Turks for shutting themselves up and skulking behind walls for safety.

I did not think it expedient to make the ride a long one, as the sight of the grim faces around me, in which hatred and surprise were blended in equal proportions, was not reassuring.

It was a foolhardy feat, but the results were what I had calculated upon.

After many days of sullen refusal to make terms with his captors, the Sheik was compelled to give in, distasteful as it was to him; and to consent to deliver up the delinquents, who were accordingly handed over to the Turkish authorities.

I was present at the final interview with the Governor and council.

The Sheik was led in with manacled hands, under military escort, and looked like a trapped lion—so fearless and ferocious were his look and bearing, although a captive.

His brown bornous fell in folds from his sinewy frame like a Roman toga. His port was as lofty as that of a king, and he slowly passed a scornful eye over his captors and the Governor, without deigning to speak.

Suddenly he turned towards the Governor, and raising his manacled hands, shook them fiercely at his treacherous captor; but still spoke no word.

Then he turned to the interpreter and asked him, "Which is the American Elchee (minister), who made the Governor do this shameful thing?"

Then those fierce eyes turned on me, and surveyed me from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, and back again, as though he would photograph my face and figure on his mind; and the expression of his own countenance was not benignant while he did so.

"Ask the Sheik," I said through the interpreter, "why he honours me with such attention?"

Sharp and quick came the answer,—

"That I may know him among thousands, as I shall; and if ever we should meet in the plains, or the mountains, he may be sure of my gratitude to him for the way I have been treated here!!!"

Hospitable as his intentions doubtless were, I never tested them; and entertain no doubt, that had such a subsequent meeting occurred, it would

have been final for one of us. But I never tempted Providence that way, and know not if the Sheik be living or dead to-day.

That matter having been settled, the rest of my negotiations with the local authorities were conducted on a much more amiable footing; although holding an eel is less difficult than keeping a firm grasp on an Eastern functionary in any case involving difficulties between natives and foreigners.

It took me fully two weeks more to put the affair on a sound basis, and the shifts and subterfuges resorted to in order to wear out my patience, and induce me to leave, on promises alone (which would never have been kept), were most ingenious and perplexing.

It galled the pride of the Governor and his associates that they should be compelled to punish "true believers" in an ignominious manner for the satisfaction of "Christian dogs;" and if they could possibly have evaded doing so they certainly would never have brought those crimi-

nals to justice, but have continued keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope.

The accumulated evidence was too strong to be resisted, and I finally succeeded in compelling the Governor to do substantial justice; but by Turkish law and usage the death punishment is not given to the governors of provinces.

The Sublime Porte at Constantinople alone may order and enforce it.

Hence the utmost I could obtain was the sending to Constantinople the five condemned criminals for punishment, and whether the final sentence was ever fully visited on them, to this day I never could ascertain.

I think it doubtful whether they were actually hung; they were most probably sent to the galleys to serve the State as slaves; for, careless of human life as the Turks are in all other instances, curiously enough, all the Sultans have shrunk from inflicting the death punishment.

Even when a man had committed the highest offence in their eyes—that of treason and conspiracy against the Sultan—he is not sent to public execution, but banished to some pestilential climate where his days are not long in the land, or secret poisoning does the work. Such was the fate of Midhat Pacha; such the fate of thousands rightly or wrongly accused of, and condemned for, treason.

This repugnance for taking life by violent means extends also to the brute creation. For when an overladen or sick camel falls down in the desert, and is unable to keep up with the rest of the caravan, the wretched animal is not put out of his misery at once, but left to die of starvation on the desert sands, instead of being mercifully dispatched.

The injunctions of the Koran are at the basis of this strange and mistaken mercy. Such are the startling anomalies to be found in human nature, and they are not confined to the East.

It is recorded of Robespierre that he resigned

a judicial position in his earlier days, rather than sign a death warrant. Yet later on human heads were his footballs; and when he made such liberal use of the guillotine, he certainly had outlived that prejudice.

This the Turks never do. But the main purpose of my mission to Jaffa, which was to strike a salutary terror into the lawless Arabs and Bedouins of Syria, and deter them from intermeddling with or molesting the scattered Christians in their midst, was accomplished successfully; and no repetition of such acts of outrage or violence have since occurred there.

Had this outrage been permitted to pass unavenged, there is no knowing how far the evil example might have spread, and proved to be the fruitful seed of others. As it was, since that day the Christians, both native and foreign, in Syria and Palestine, have been left unmolested, and no repetition of the Dickson tragedy has ever taken place; for those people have good

memories, and a wholesome respect for those who have powerful and energetic protectors.

Jaffa, with its orange groves and immense fields of gigantic cactus-trees—the fruit of which is much relished by the natives—is a very picturesque and attractive place.

It is something very novel to the Western man to ride through lanes overshadowed by these tall cacti, with their purple fruit hanging down in rich clusters over him; or to lie supine under the orange-trees, which drop their ripe and luscious fruit upon him, without his having to take the trouble of plucking them. The rind of the Jaffa orange is of great thickness, but the fruit is most juicy and succulent when robbed of its outer robe.

As the seaport nearest Jerusalem, and the haven of pilgrims of all nationalities who go to visit the Holy City, Jaffa—or as the Scriptures term it, Joppa—has long had a world-wide renown wherever the Bible is read. For in ancient times it was from this port that Jonah

embarked on his disastrous voyage for Tarshish, first prepaying his passage-money—when his later berth had to be taken up "in the belly of a great fish," where his entertainment, though novel and brief, could not have been acceptable even to a prophet.

In later days the Apostle St. Peter tarried there many days, in the house of Simon the tanner, hard by the sea. In the Acts of the Apostles, ix. and x., the story of his residence and actions there is told, especially that of raising from the dead that most exemplary woman, "Tabitha," otherwise called Dorcas, who "was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

It was to Jaffa also that the Centurion sent from Cæsarea to St. Peter, being moved thereto by a message from an angel; and Peter went at his invitation, and made a convert of him, "together with his kinsmen and near friends."

The journey to Jerusalem used to be performed on horseback in about twelve hours, the

distance being only about forty miles from Ramleh.

But if Jordan is a hard road to travel, so also is that of the hill country of Judea—after leaving Ramleh the first stage of the journey, which you reach after an easy gallop of two hours over the level plain of Sharon. Thence your way is up and down the rugged mountains, whose paths used to be more like rain-swept gulleys than roads.

Now I am told the roads are much improved, and carriages are able to travel over them, without dislocating the joints and racking the bones of tourists. In earlier days such a feat was impossible.

Jaffa, with its green fields and cultivated gardens, offers a striking contrast to Jerusalem, a city of stone, frowned down upon by barren mountains, where the prophet's malediction has been fulfilled when he declared "thy sky shall be as of brass, and thy land shall be as of iron," since only the relics of those terraces on the mountain-sides, which once gave verdure to those grim piles of

rock, remain to testify to their previous existence, and account for the large population they used to supply with food.

Three years before the Dickson outrage I had made a long tour through Palestine on horseback—taking tents with me—and was thus familiar with the features of the country.

I shall never forget the sensation of surprise I experienced when first Jerusalem broke upon my sight from the crest of one of the hills, after a weary journey of twelve hours.

Naturally our ideas of Jerusalem are tinged with the melancholy thoughts and incidents which the Scripture narrative and its own tragic story inspire.

What, then, is the astonishment of the traveller, as he looks down, not on the crumbling ruins and dismantled habitations, but on a substantially-built Eastern city, whose strong stone houses show no trace of decay—the entire city surrounded by massive stone walls—and towering over all else, the gilded dome and cupola of the

Mosque of Omar—erected on the site of Solomon's Temple—glistening in the sunlight like "a gem of purest ray serene!"

Enter the city, and ride up the Via Dolorosa, and pass the Jewish "place of wailing," and the sombre impression returns; but from the distance it inspires opposite impressions.

Yet it is different from any other city on the earth: why is difficult to define, and even the most careless tourist may well repeat the words of the inspired writer:

When I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning.

I did not revisit Jerusalem on the second occasion of my visiting Jaffa, but returned to Egypt after the settlement of the affair which had taken me out of my own bailiwick, and was honoured by the thanks of the Department of State at Washington for the manner in which I had (without instructions) grappled with and settled this affair.

As "all's well that ends well," everybody, except the Sheik of the Bedouins, was satisfied with my proceedings and their finale; and so was I; and grateful for having escaped the perils by land and water to which my knight-errantry had exposed me.

The whole affair created much excitement throughout Syria and the Holy Land, and gained for me personally the striking, if unenviable, title of the *Sheitan Melican* (American devil): a compliment to my energy, if not to my amiability.

The Sepoy revolt in India had disturbed the whole Mussulman world, and through that system of verbal communication which supplies the place of the telegraph, had become generally known. Its reflex had been felt throughout Palestine, as well as in other places; and some months before, the then English Bishop of Jerusalem had thought it necessary to issue a pastoral letter, explaining the events which had disturbed the tranquillity of the country, and his

apprehensions of still greater troubles. A few extracts from this pastoral will explain the actual condition of the country, and the bad feeling entertained by the Mussulman natives against the Christians resident in their midst!

The Bishop says, "I verily believe that if things are allowed to continue as they have been during the last two years, we may expect to see and experience scenes similar to those which have been enacted in India.

"In general, during the past two years, their hatred against the Christians, European and native, has gone on increasing; nor is it a rare thing now, ever since the outbreak at Nablous, to hear them speak of massacring all the Christians.

"It is only about three months ago that many Christians closed their shops for two days, and shut themselves up in their homes at Jaffa, in expectation of an outbreak of Mussulmans against the Christians. Their fears were excited because two Latin Christians had killed an Effendi, and

fled with the help of the Latin patriarch. That the Christians retaliated on their persecutors is not to be wondered at, for in the riot at Nablous an unoffending Christian was murdered and several others severely wounded. My school-house was devastated and also the house of the agent of the British Consul at Jerusalem.

"But to this day the delinquents remain unpunished, and in consequence are growing exceedingly bold and menacing all over the country. Moreover we English subjects have not received any compensation for the things stolen and destroyed in our houses."

The Bishop's warning was unheeded, the rioters remained unpunished, and the outbreak at Jaffa followed in the natural sequence of events. Had that, too, gone unpunished, no man could predict the consequences.

The sinister predictions of the Bishop of Jerusalem were founded on incontrovertible facts, for in the vicinity of the town of Jaffa alone, no less than fifteen known murders and

numberless rapes and robberies had been perpetrated within the two years preceding the Dickson outrage.

All these crimes had gone unpunished, although in many cases their authors were well known.

If, on my arrival in Jaffa, finding that Mr. Gorham had good reason to believe and know that the authorities were seeking to convert this stern tragedy into a farce, I adopted a tone and course which elsewhere might be deemed undiplomatic, and even violent, as I had threatened them with the presence of a naval squadron to bombard Jaffa; the result proved that this was the only means left to enforce justice and expiation.

From the official despatches called for and published among the State documents by the United States Senate, the following official documents are taken. I produce them, firstly, as throwing some light on the "Circumlocution Office" at the Sublime Porte, and secondly, as

a verification of my statements, which, to many persons unacquainted with the East, might seem too sensational to be true.

TRANSLATION OF OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

"REJEH, 1274.

"EXCELLENCY,

"The American Legation has represented, by means of an official takrir, or note, that five individuals, on the 26th of last month at night, broke into the house of an American citizen named Dickson, killed his son-in-law, violated his daughter and her mother, and fled, after robbing the house of all its contents. Moreover, it adds that, according to the report of the American Consul at Jerusalem, though one of the members of the local council of that place had been sent to Jaffa for the purpose of securing

the arrest of the assassins, the Caimakan of Jaffa, by want of energy, had as yet effected nothing. The Legation consequently demands that effective measures be adopted for the arrest of the individuals, the enforcement of the proper punishment of their crimes, and the restoration of the whole of the effects of which the Americans have been robbed.

"According to the representation made by your Excellency, measures have been taken already, in view of the proper execution of the duty of the local government in the premises; and it is therefore hoped that ere this the criminals have been seized. It is unnecessary to repeat to your Excellency that the sense of justice and the laws of the Sublime Porte require the securing of the life, property, and honour of every person within its territory; and the grievous assassination of the son-in-law of the American, and the violation of his daughter and her mother, and the loss of his effects, is a source of deep pain to me.

"The want of energy on the part of the Caimakan of Jaffa in making proper search for the criminals is, from every point of view, incompatible with his official duty; and the responsibility of permitting the perpetration of so heinous a crime justly rests upon the local government.

"Depending upon the upright character of your Excellency, the present letter is now written to direct that you will, by all means possible, have the assassins found and tried before the local council, and the code prescribing punishment carried into effect against them, as well as have the whole of the effects of which the American has been robbed restored to him.

"MEHMED EMIR AALI,
"Grand Vizier.

"To His Excellency Seriya Pacha,
"Governor of Jerusalem."

"SCHABAAN, 5.12.74.

"EXCELLENCY,—

"The American Legation has demanded, in an official takrir, or note, that as four of the five assassins who committed the murder of the son-in-law of Mr. Dickson, an American residing at Jaffa, have been arrested, and the Sheik of the tribe of the fifth has been arrested and held in prison as a hostage for him, measures be adopted for their immediate punishment. According to the previous and recent letters received from your Excellency, I understand that through your own laudable zeal and perseverance all of these assassins have been taken, and that you are proceeding to their trial and punishment.

"No doubt is therefore entertained that justice and the proper duty of the Provincial Government will be carried into execution, and it is unnecessary to mention to your Excellency the

necessity of effecting immediately the inevitable punishment of criminals. With regard to the crime committed by these men, I have by the present letter to direct that you will proceed with every zeal and celerity to the arrest of all of them, and to their trial with strict justice and attention, so as to carry into execution their proper punishment according to the criminal code of the Empire.

"AALI, *Grand Vizir.*

"To His Excellency Seriya Pacha,
"Governor of Jerusalem."

MR. DE LEON'S DESPATCH to MR. CASS, U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE.

"CONSULATE-GENERAL OF THE U.S.A. IN
"EGYPT, ALEXANDRIA.

"SIR,—

"Enclosed you will find three additional papers connected with the Jaffa outrage, marked 6, 7 and 8 respectively.

"Deeming it unnecessary to trouble the Department with the steps taken to obtain the successful result, I will merely observe, that, satisfied on my arrival of the correctness of Mr. Gorham's opinion that the authorities were trifling with him, I declared war at once by refusing, on my reception by the Divan, to smoke pipes or take coffee; an act as significant as a refusal to shake hands would be with us.

"When further asked by the Governor whether our countries were not at peace, I promptly responded 'No! we regard murder of men and the

violation of women, when permitted and screened by Governors, as a declaration of war. You have commenced it, not we.' These, with the threat of a war squadron were the keynotes of my proceedings, and the rest were in harmony with that commencement. The responsibility I assumed I trust the Department will justify under the extreme urgency of the case. Under ordinary circumstances it would not have been attempted.

"After the first assault on our part had forced the council into unprecedented activity, a last effort to screen the guilty was made by declaration of inability to find a clue to the murderers. No. 6 was prepared to meet and refute this plea, and when it was read aloud in full Divan, and presented as proof, the struggle was terminated, the confession of Abou Esta, and the capture of his accomplices, immediately succeeding. That the family of the Sheik now held as hostage will produce the fifth man, there can be no doubt if no refusal be accepted.

"No. 7 is interesting as proving this outrage to be the last and crowning one of a long series; useful also as a picture of real life in Palestine. Mrs. Minor (now dead), the Dicksons, and the Steinbecks, all belonging to the same family of religious enthusiasts, seeking to evangelize the Holy Land.

"No. 8 is my final despatch to Mr. Brown at Constantinople, previous to my departure from Jaffa on the 19th ultim. No response from Constantinople had reached that place, nor subsequently, to my knowledge; neither have I any advices from Constantinople, but am daily expecting them.

"Very respectfully, &c.

"EDWIN DE LEON.

"The detention of the P. and O. steamer allows me to subjoin later news, received this day from Jaffa. From enclosed despatch, No. 9, forwarded to me by Mr. Gorham, it will be seen that the fifth criminal, for whom the Sheik was

held as a hostage has been also delivered up; so that the firman from Constantinople for their execution is all that is now needed to consummate the tragedy they have commenced, by the forfeit of their own lives in expiation.

"In the letter to me which accompanies this despatch, Mr. Gorham expressed himself most strongly as to the necessity of the presence of a vessel of war in his vicinity, that he should be supported thoroughly and efficiently, and I again repeat my own strong conviction on the same point.

"Yours respectfully,

"EDWIN DE LEON.

"Hon. Lewis Cass,

"Department of State,

"Washington."

"CONSULATE OF THE U.S.A. IN JERUSALEM.

"JAFFA.

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that the last of the perpetrators of the outrages here (whose Sheik was held responsible) has been arrested; his name is Ali Abou Ghazelli. All five are now in custody. Their names are Abou Esta, Abd el Salaam, Rha leel el Raabi, Mattar el Abed, Ali Abou Ghazelli. Permit me to add that I owe the warmest acknowledgments to the generous promptitude of the Hon. Edwin de Leon, our Consul-General at Alexandria, who, as soon as he heard of the outrages, and to his own great inconvenience, embarked upon an Austrian steamer and came to Jaffa, and who, by his active and most efficient support to the measures already taken by myself, mainly con-

tributed to the so far successful termination of the affair.

"I remain, with highest consideration,

"Your obedient Servant,

"J. WARREN GORHAM,

"U.S. Consul at Jerusalem.

"Hon. John P. Brown,

"Chargé d'Affaires of the U.S.A., Constantinople."

MR. CASS TO MR. DE LEON.

"Department of State, Washington.

"SIR,—Your despatches to No. 47, of the 6th ultimo, inclusive, have been received at the Department. To the promptness and energy displayed by you, in regard to the late outrages in Syria, in seconding the efforts of Mr. Gorham, at Jerusalem, is undoubtedly to be

ascribed the successful result of the measures taken to secure the condign punishment of the perpetrators of the inhuman atrocities at Jaffa; and while regretting the necessity for a resort on your part, in your interview with the authorities of that place, to language of such a peremptory character; the Department does not doubt its having been justified by the conduct of those authorities and the extraordinary circumstances of the case, and feels no hesitancy, therefore, in expressing its approval of the course pursued by you.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"LEWIS CASS."

CHAPTER XII.

Running the Blockade into Confederate States on Floating Powder Magazine—A "Norther" in the Gulf of Mexico—The Incidents of Blockade-breaking—From Havannah to the Coast of Louisiana—Chased and almost Captured by Federal Cruisers—Fired at Two Hundred Times—An Alarm of Fire—Chased under the Guns of a small Fort—Escaped into Bayous in small Row-boats—Two Nights of Mud, Mosquitos and Alligators—Reach New Orleans Six Weeks before Capture.

THE Viceroy of Egypt had insisted on my making the tour of Upper Egypt, and when I demurred at the long time it would take by Dahabieh, insisted on my taking his own steam yacht for that purpose.

Before I left him he had given orders, that the yacht should be placed at my disposal for as many months as it suited me to make use of it: and that the coaling and provisioning of it should be at his expense.

To these conditions I objected. I accepted

the loan of the yacht with its captain and sailors, as also the coaling necessary at the different stations on the Upper Nile; but insisted on provisioning the steamer myself. At the close of the voyage I gave a backsheesh of £100 to the captain and crew. This compromise having been agreed to, we made up a party of eight persons: my wife and sister, and six male friends, among them the best private tenor I have ever heard since Mario; and two or three keen sportsmen, who undertook to provide us with game up the river; and early in October started for Luxor and Upper Egypt.

For upwards of two months we had a most enjoyable trip up the river, steaming past the Dahabiehs, which could make no progress for want of favourable winds; and often covering a greater distance in a day than they could in a week; occasionally towing some particular friend's boat, which we met *en route,* to the envy and despair of the others lingering behind.

We only travelled by day, tying up to the

bank of the river at sunset; and as we always stopped at some village, the natives would come down with their presents of sheep and fowls, for which they were remunerated; build up a bright fire on the bank, where they would squat down and sing and dance for our amusement; while we, in return, would give them European music from a small piano harmonium we had on deck, accompanied by the voice of our amateur musical friend, a voice silent now for ever, but which ought to have witched the world's ear on the operatic boards in Europe.

During the day, whenever we saw any game on the river, we used to stop the steamer, take a small boat and go out and bag some of it for our dinner; as the Upper Nile then abounded in large flocks of wild fowl, ducks, geese and swans, we were kept pretty busy with these excursions.

And so the days glided imperceptibly away under a cloudless sky, and the unruffled river bore us along on its broad bosom until we reached Luxor, and those wonderful ruins of the Temple

of Karnac, and its cousin on the Isle of Philæ, in comparison with which the works of our modern architects and builders are dwarfed into utter insignificance.

Of these wonders of architecture so many have spoken and written, scientifically and spasmodically, that it would be superfluous for me to attempt further description of them; for they baffle all attempts at description, and must be seen in all their vastness and magical beauty to be appreciated or understood.

It was while I was steeped in this intoxicating dream of the past, that the present was roughly and painfully recalled to me: and I was forced to turn my back on the shadows of the by-gone time and look the hour in the face. By a courier sent express by the Viceroy, while sitting on a crumbling column fallen from the great Temple of Karnak at Luxor, I received the disastrous tidings of the death of my dear friend, my Vice-Consul at Alexandria, William Moore, and the secession from the American Union of

my native State of South Carolina; announcing as it seemed, the coming death-throes of that Union which our forefathers had fondly thought immortal.

It seemed strange to us, that sitting, as it were, among the tombstones of one of the oldest recorded empires, we should first hear the death-knell of the youngest of living nations.

My duty under the circumstances seemed clear—to resign my office under the Federal Government at as early an hour as was practicable, and to share the fortunes of my State and friends at home in the terrible struggle which I clearly foresaw. Accordingly, winding up, as quickly as I could, after my return to Alexandria, all my official business, and investing my Vice-Consul with the duties, I left Egypt for Europe, with the intention of breaking the blockade into the Confederate States.

That purpose I carried out; and when I prepared to break the blockade from Havannah to New Orleans, the companion of my life claimed to be the companion of that voyage,

and shared all the risks, discomforts, and perils attending the venture.

We left Southampton on the 2nd January, in the West Indian mail steamer *Atrato*, which the pen of Anthony Trollope has rendered famous. We adopted an assumed name to frustrate the espionage of the Vigilance Committee of the North, established at London, to avoid being gazetted in the New York journals, while taking the circuitous home route, which the pressure of circumstances imposed upon us.

In his experiences of travel to the West Indies, Anthony Trollope has described the *Atrato* and its motley crew of passengers, of all classes, conditions, and colours, with great fidelity and accuracy.

It is only necessary for me to say that the "Bims"—or residents of Barbadoes, whom we encountered on board in considerable numbers—were very agreeable specimens of the Colonial population; while the dinner-table reproduced the Tower of Babel in the diversity of tongues,

and Noah's Ark as to the variety of species and colour which it displayed.

At the commencement of our voyage we suffered terribly from the intense cold; but as we sailed onward, each day mitigated the rigour of the weather—until we were obliged, after a week, not only to discard our outer wrappages, but to put on thinner garments—passing, as it were, into a premature spring in mid-winter.

When on the fourteenth day we arrived at St. Thomas, we felt we were indeed within the tropics—and experienced the heats of summer—enjoying hugely the iced drinks with which we were welcomed on that hospitable isle.

It was then and there we learned that the Confederate Commissioners Mason and Slidell, with their Secretaries, had left the island for England just three days before. They were intercepted and captured by Captain Wilkes in the *San Jacinto*—which became almost a "casus belli" with England. Fortunately however this disaster

was averted by the discretion of Mr. Seward, then Federal Secretary of State.

On board the *Atrato* was a Federal naval officer—Captain Palmer—afterwards quite active in blockading operations, who was greatly puzzled at my identity. He had a vague recollection of my face and figure—which he had been familiar with, years before, at Washington, but was unable to reconcile them with the name I had assumed. He took a great fancy to my wife, and it was a great trial to her, not in any way, or by any unguarded observation, to betray our identity; not knowing what use he might make of such information after our arrival at Havannah. But it seems he had finally puzzled out the question of my identity before reaching there, although he never made any use of his knowledge.

At St. Thomas we shifted steamers, taking a smaller one, the *Seine*, to make the six days' run to Havannah. From this place we were to take the *indirect* line of steamers, breaking the blockade into the Confederate States. At that time the

blockade was composed of a very dilapidated set of old tubs—Mississippi tugs—and other steamers, never intended for the dangerous navigation of the Gulf of Mexico, which taxes the stoutest boat and ablest seamanship when the terrible "Northers" blow.

We reached the city of Havannah at a most agreeable season, the end of January; for then perpetual Spring seems to smile on that favoured land, and the memory of London fogs fades from the mind of the voyager, whose senses are steeped in the soft voluptuous languor of the South.

Tennyson might have placed his "melancholy, mild-eyed Lotus-Eaters" in this favoured spot, where life seems almost a masquerade, as the *Volantes* roll by you on the Paseo, and private life opens its hospitable doors and windows on the street, through which passing friends converse with fair or brown occupants of rocking-chairs within, robed in gauzy clouds of gossamer-like muslin, with the tiniest of feet thrust into Cinderella slippers.

The evening drive in Volantes, where all the world encounters on the public promenade, and the Lacon Theatre at night, supplement the long lazy days with social dissipation; while the restaurants are kept as busy as those of Paris, with the clinking of ice as melody, and the smoke of tobacco as perfume.

But, even as the Isle of Calypso could not woo the exile dreaming of home to linger within its enchanted bounds; so we, longing for our beleaguered Southern home and friends, cast wistful eyes over the horizon for the vessel that was to be the herald of our return across the Mexican Gulf.

At last she came, a long, low, black steamer, rejoicing in the sovereign name of *Victoria*, originally a Mississippi tug-boat, and admirably fitted for the work on which she was employed; for she combined the requisites of strength, speed, and small draught of water.

She had no masts, and consequently no sails, and lay very low in the water; her black hull and smoke-stack being the only objects that presented

a target for the blockading squadron should they get within range, except a large pair of paddle-wheels, her most vulnerable point.

As to passenger accommodation, there was none. There were only two small cabins on deck—one for captain, the other for supercargo—with a covered galley between, about ten feet long, serving as dining place by day and sleeping place by night.

The hold was an open one, without protection. She was an old wooden boat, and seemed very inflammable when we looked into the engine-room; while the crew were as reckless-looking a lot of dare-devils as could be picked up from the "wharf rats" of New Orleans, for a service so full of perils.

The steamer had brought over a cargo of cotton and sugar, through the blockade to Havannah, on which a handsome profit had been realized.

The proceeds, invested in 40,000 pounds of gunpowder, a number of rifles, and other muni-

tions of war, were to form the return cargo to New Orleans.

The hold was therefore crammed with these combustibles: the gunpowder in ten-pound kegs, with bags of coffee placed above them as a protection—the only precaution taken. As everybody on board pertinaciously smoked cigars and pipes, over all parts of the boat, day and night, without special attention to the contingent remainders styled "stumps;" and there were rude gaps in the boarding over the hold through which they could fall, the chances of our being blown up by shells thrown by Federal cruisers, or by our own act, seemed to be about equal.

There seemed to be little or no discipline on board, but a great deal of drinking and swearing; and the captain seemed afraid of his crew, who did pretty much as they pleased.

In addition to myself and wife, there was another cabin passenger in the person of an old stout French Creole lady of New Orleans, who had just left in France a boy who has since

ripened into one of the most successful of the new school of French novelists—M. Delpit.

In none of her son's romances has he depicted stranger situations or more startling adventures than those which befell his mother while journeying with us.

The captain of the steamer, a northern man by birth, showed a decided disinclination to taking passengers. He pointed out very clearly all the discomforts and dangers of the trip, and caused the owners to exact a very heavy sum in gold for the privilege of a passage; with a stipulation that we should be landed "somewhere on the coast of Louisiana," in the event of not being captured by the Federal cruisers. My former official position only made me to be regarded as extra-hazardous, like the gunpowder. For this most indefinite service, as stipulated in the contract, I paid down in gold the sum of £100 in advance, for passages of my wife and self. In conformity with the contract, I was unceremoniously dumped down near Fort

Livingstone, two days' distant from New Orleans, by the bayous. Before leaving the steamer I had to promise to pay the steward £20 more in gold, on his delivering up my trunks at the Fort; for before we left, several trunks had been broken open and robbed.

The owner and captain of this blockade runner soon after escaped with their plunder to New York, where they figured as intense Northern loyalists, on the proceeds of their ventures.

Having settled all preliminaries, and prepaid the passage-money, we went on board the *Victoria*, and sailed out of the harbour of Havannah at 4 P.M.

Our destination was well known, and many curious eyes watched our departure from the shipping and from the houses on shore. Among these observers were the United States Consul and his Vice-Consul, who inspected us through a spy-glass. As we passed a French man-of-war lying in the harbour, the commander came to the stern of his vessel, raised his cap, and called out

"Bon voyage." We had made his acquaintance at Havannah, and considered his words as a happy augury.

To avoid detection we used anthracite coal, which makes neither smoke nor sparks.

No lights were allowed on board, on any pretence, at night; we sat in darkness, moonless nights being always chosen for blockade-running.

The fancy of the reader can picture the progress of the black hull moving over the waters, without light, and without sound, save the splash of the paddle-wheels; and the eager look-out kept by the regular and volunteer watch lest we might be overhauled, or run down by some steamer in the darkness.

As for sleep, it required practice to slumber over a floating powder magazine; and Dr. Johnson's definition of a ship was emphasized in our case, by additional touches undreamt of by the good doctor.

And then another peril confronted us,

"For now the storm fiend came; and he
Was tyrannous and strong,"

and our steamer had to encounter the full fury of "a Norther" for more than twenty-four hours.

The ceaseless howling of the blast and pelting of the rain made dismal music for us, huddled together into the narrow-covered space on deck; but we cheered each other as best we might. I knew, but did not inform my companions, that the machinery of the boat had suffered severely under the strain put upon it, and the steam-pipe was cracked. The engineer, who took out the pipe after the voyage, declared it was marvellous it had held together to bring us into port.

We occasionally sighted Federal cruisers after the storm, but before they saw us; owing to the peculiarity of our vessel's build, and gave them always a wide berth; the great principle of blockade-breaking being "When you see a ship avoid it."

The excitement on board in regard to the

storm and to the cruisers had subsided, when another incident roused it to fever heat.

At midnight when every one not on watch was slumbering soundly, worn out by fatigue and emotion, suddenly a frantic cry of "Fire" arose from the upper deck, and was re-echoed in various tones of affright from all parts of the vessel; for every one remembered what kind of freight we carried in the hold.

In their blind panic many thought of jumping overboard, to avoid the anticipated explosion, by risking the more certain fate of drowning: for our cranky little boats could not have lived an hour in such a sea.

And then the heroism of the only two women on board manifested itself, in its superiority to the brute courage of man. At the first alarm, Madame Delpit, who was an old and unwieldy woman, accompanied by my wife, rushed up to the uncovered deck of the steamer, where she fainted, and would have fallen, had she not been supported by her younger and frailer companion,

who soon restored her to consciousness and resignation; both praying while the men drank and blasphemed. The alarm proved groundless, having proceeded from a drunken sailor, who mistook the light from the cook's galley for a general conflagration; but the shock given our nerves did not immediately subside.

The next day brought more well-founded alarms, for about noon we espied on our right, at some distance, the masts of several blockaders, and the black smoke rising from their funnels.

We had unwittingly drifted almost into the jaws of the blockading squadron, off "the passes," as they are termed, opening into the mouth of the Mississippi river. We turned and fled, but not soon enough to escape detection and pursuit; and when night fell fondly hoped we had baffled and evaded our pursuers. At sunset our Captain and Pilot both frankly confessed to me that our repeated deviations from our course to evade pursuit had put them out of their reckoning; and that they were not quite sure as to precisely what

part of the coast of Louisiana they now found themselves drifting past.

But after a few more hours we entered a well-known place, Barrataria Bay, once famous as the head quarters of the celebrated Captain Kidd; whose deeds are commemorated in song, and whose buried treasures are still declared by popular legends to be secreted there.

We were making for a small fort on the coast, called Fort Livingston, manned by the Confederates, under whose guns our cargo would be safe, thence to be transshipped to New Orleans, by smaller steamers or boats.

This fort was about two days' journey from the City, immense bayous, as they are termed, wide wastes of shallow water covered with rushes intervening, the haunts of innumerable water-fowl, and alligators, with here and there a small cabin inhabited by men almost as amphibious, but sorely shaken with fever and ague.

At midnight we saw a light in the direction of the fort, and in order to ascertain whether it was

from friend or foe, sent out a party of observation in one of our boats, to find out. After two hours of anxiety, the boat returned, bringing the glad tidings that the lights were from the fort; which seeing some light from our pilot house, and mistaking us for an enemy, was preparing to fire on us, as we had not answered their signal.

They sent us a pilot, but found the water too shoal to pass nearer, and anchored therefore to wait the rise of the tide, which we were told would be at about ten o'clock the next morning. The tide rose slowly, and at eight o'clock the next morning we were preparing to enjoy our breakfast on board, when it occurred to me to step up on the deck, and inspect the neighbourhood, with a very powerful spy-glass which I had brought with me.

I descried a column of black smoke in the distance, which seemed to me to be suspicious, and calling to the Captain, asked him to observe it, and tell me what it meant.

He looked, and replied carelessly, "Oh, the

planters are burning brush-wood on the shore, to prepare their fields for cultivation."

Steadily keeping my glass on the smoke, I replied, "That smoke comes from some moving object, for it seems approaching us, and certainly is not stationary." The Captain took my glass, gazed long and steadily, and then with a muttered oath threw it down on deck, exclaiming, "By ——, it must be a blockader—too bad to be caught like rats in a trap, for we can't get under the guns of the fort for two hours yet! If she does not draw too much water, she may get us."

Very soon we could distinguish the masts and spars of what seemed a large steamer, bearing down towards us; so we determined to run in under the guns of the fort as close as possible, and to beach our steamer if necessary, to avoid capture by the enemy.

When within two miles of the fort our boat stuck fast. The Federal steamer, which proved to be the *De Soto* (well armed and manned),

drawing more water, could not get in as close; but drew as near as she could.

Our boat ran up the Union Jack to personate a British vessel, but the *De Soto* responded to our *ruse* by a shotted gun, which dashed up the water, near our stern, and rapidly followed up this pioneer by many compliments of a similar character. As the *De Soto* swung round to bring her guns to bear on us, we would first see the bright flash—followed by the puff of smoke—and succeeded by the sullen roar which accompanied the arrival in our proximity of the deadly missiles hurled at us—three or four of which struck our stern and paddle-wheels. As they appeared to be improving in their practice as the morning wore on, we thought it wisest to betake ourselves to the shore in the small boat—and made for the beach—serving the while as a target for the distant blockader.

But before we started, another peril faced us. As the small boat was lowered, there was a wild rush of the crew towards the side; and I

saw, unless something were done, my wife and Madame Delpit would be left behind; and the boat (the only one) be swamped by the craven drunkards overcrowding it. The Captain had utterly lost his head. It was useless to appeal to him. But the second in command (a Swede) was a man, and seemed a determined one. To him I addressed myself.

"Will you," I said, "help me keep these vagabonds in check, until we can get the women on board the boat, and prevent its being overcrowded?"

"I will stand by you," he answered. "Are you armed?—I am."

I showed him my revolver and suggested that we should take our stand on each side of the gangway with our weapons drawn, and threaten to shoot the first man who ventured to pass without permission; selecting ourselves those who were to take the first trip to shore—two miles distant. He consented, and we took our places—grimly determined to keep our word.

When the drunken crew saw us standing there, and heard our announcement, they recoiled from our levelled revolvers, and sullenly submitted to our orders—and our programme was carried out. We reached the shore in safety, and were welcomed there by a detachment of a hundred soldiers sent out from the fort, with the purpose of protecting our steamer from the boarding launches of the Federal cruiser, which through our glasses we saw were making ready to come over and take her.

Then ensued a harmless interchange of shots between the blockader and the party on the beach—the distance being too great for any damage to be done—although many conical rifled shots were buried in the sand, and in the sea. Night closed in on the scene, and the firing ceased.

The fort was an earthwork, mounting sixteen guns, and manned by volunteers from New Orleans. Behind the sandy beach stretched a marshy piece of ground, covered with fallen

trunks of trees—those still standing draped in the long waving grey moss which gives so melancholy an aspect to Southern scenery in such localities.

We trudged along towards the fort, and over the fallen trees, and through the mud and tangled vines. We could hear the sharp whiz of the rifle-balls, as they sang their song through the air, and their heavy thud as they struck the boat or the beach.

When we reached the fort every kindness was lavished upon us. The officers gave up their quarters to the ladies, and shared all they had with us—although few luxuries or comforts were theirs in this sequestered spot.

The firing between the *De Soto* and the fort continued during all the day. But no damage was done on either side, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon the *De Soto* sailed sullenly away in the direction we knew the blockading fleet was lying.

Now was our opportunity, for we readily

divined her purpose of bringing vessels of lighter draught to capture the *Victoria* and her cargo.

There was a number of small luggers plying in the bay, and through the bayous. These were immediately put in active operation to lighten our ship, and in a couple of hours the steamer was safe, immediately under the guns of the fort. So we cheerfully supped with the good fellows in the fort, contributing some of the stores we had brought with us from Havannah, to make the supper a pleasant one.

Scarcely had the day dawned, when the sentry on the fort announced sails in sight; and the *De Soto* re-appeared, accompanied by two steamers of lighter draught, but too late to effect a capture.

During the day there were five blockaders, hovering like birds of prey, just outside of the range of the guns of the fort.

Had they known the very small quantity, both of materials of war and of supplies, in the

fort, they might have besieged and captured it without much difficulty.

Happily that danger passed away, and we resumed our march on to Richmond by the circuitous route through the "bayous," in a little boat drawing only a few inches of water, over thick mud, through narrow passages, hedged with bushes, which only the local pilots knew.

I had frequently seen in newspapers the statement of Western boats "running wherever it was a little damp;" and only verified it on this occasion.

For two weary days and nights we travelled over this watery way sustained only by dry biscuits and black coffee—the only supplies we had.

As you journey through these bayous the sights and scenes are mostly peculiar. As night fell suddenly, my wife grasped my hand and said, "We shall have a storm." "Why?" I answered. "Do you not see how the lightning is flashing?" she responded. As a reply, I stretched out my hand, and opening it, displayed to her several

"fire-flies," as they are called in that locality, whose intermittent flashes among the rushes fringing the banks, had produced the appearance of lightning; for they swarm there in myriads, and almost "make daylight in a shady place."

The musical, though inharmonious mosquito, also favoured us with his melody and punctures during the night, until at daylight we seemed to have been smitten with small-pox; and the snake and alligator, residents of those swamps, splashed and squirmed outside among the rushes.

On the third morning we entered the Mississippi through a bye-way, or bayou entrance.

We found the "Father of Waters" wrapt in an impenetrable yellow fog, rivalling those of London in November; and had to grope our way towards the city, passing occasionally a mammoth Mississippi steamer, which, with its huge house-like upper deck, would loom suddenly upon us, screaming loudly through its pipes, to warn us of its proximity.

During the continuance of these fogs the

navigation of the river may be regarded as extra-hazardous; but just before we reached the city the sun broke through the cloudy veil of mist, and it drifted away; and, as though a curtain had been unrolled, the spires and domes of New Orleans, and the shipping at its wharves, broke in upon our view.

Home at last and among friends, after all our trials and perils, and a warm welcome awaiting us!

One of the city journals remarked that it never before had happened to a returning official to be saluted by two hundred guns, as had been the case of the one just arrived! although, doubtless, he would willingly have dispensed with the courtesy. And thus it was that we ran the blockade in.

From New Orleans to Richmond.

Landed safely at New Orleans, whose once busy and crowded wharves showed in a marked degree the havoc and desolation of war and blockade—

although still presenting the aspect of some activity through blockade-breaking operations—we went to the famous St. Charles Hotel. Five thousand choice cigars, brought by me from Havannah, were stolen during the short transit from levee to hotel.

There we found some remnants of the luxury, and much of the comfort, for which that hostelry was justly renowned before the war.

We tarried there only long enough to recruit our exhausted energies, and then proceeded towards Richmond; by such circuitous routes as the state of the railways and the exigencies of the war—raging all along our line of travel—permitted.

New Orleans was then in a state of strict siege, and six weeks later it fell into the hands of the Federals, at whose mercy it was the moment Admiral Farragutt's fleet had passed the forts guarding the entrance to the river.

Everything and everybody there looked martial; but the happy temperament of its semi-

French population kept them cheerful under all disasters and perils, present or to come; and they were confident of being able to hold the city against the invaders.

The usual trip from New Orleans to Richmond was in time of peace about three days. We were *en route* for fifteen days and nights: sometimes in shaky railway carriages, sometimes dragged over dilapidated and deserted tracks—burnt away for the space of a mile or so by Federal raiders—by Negro men, who pulled hand-cars over the rails; and not seldom tramping it on foot for weary distances, or securing springless carts on which to ride.

As bearer of important despatches and news from Europe to my beleaguered brethren, I was in haste; and the companion of my blockade-breaking (as of my life) insisted on accompanying me in this second blockade-breaking by land—as perilous as that by water; for guerilla and regular fighting was going on along the whole line, and we had frequently to make long détours,

for days together, to escape some Federal raid or fight, during which time our rations of food were of the coarsest and most scanty description ; that great locust, the war, stripping off everything green along its route.

It was indeed a weary and a trying journey for a man, much more so still for a woman ; but I must do my Confederate friends the justice to say, that no Paladin of King Arthur's court could ever have exceeded the gentle courtesy exercised by these rough-bearded, savage-looking soldiers —whose slouched hats, high boots, and worn-out garments gave them the air of brigands, to which the revolvers ostentatiously stuck in every man's belt added to the effect—towards the solitary woman, who was accompanying me with unshaken courage.

One incident I recall, as a type of many. We were journeying over a very dilapidated railway with great caution, at about four miles the hour ; the carriages were crowded with Confederate soldiers, not of the higher class. Everybody

was out of humour and spirits; a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke filled the carriage, and I saw that my wife was growing faint and sick under the combined annoyances and discomforts of the situation.

Rising up, I addressed the crowd in the railway carriage—sixty or seventy persons—saying: "I am returning home, having just broken the blockade, with my wife, and am bringing despatches to Richmond. My wife cannot stand the tobacco smoke, and unless my Southern friends have not changed since I went away, they will never incommode a woman."

There was a moment's dead silence; then a voice came through the smoke, saying: "Of course, boys, you will all put out your pipes." Three cheers for the lady blockade-breaker were then given with a will, and every man's pipe went out, and fresh air came in.

Fifteen days of such travel dragged their slow lengths along. Our heavy luggage we had to leave at Chattanooga, in the State of Tennessee, to

be sent on after us, owing to interruption of railway communication, through a Federal raid. So we went on light of baggage, as of heart, at being so near the end of our pilgrimage, over the Virginia district, through which this luggage of mine passed after me. Ex-Governor Floyd of Virginia, formerly U.S. Secretary of War, was General Commanding. When my various trunks and boxes reached me, they were accompanied by a note from him to me, stating that as he knew I, as an old friend, would not grudge him two bottles of brandy, out of a small case containing some of that then precious fluid, he had helped himself, and would drink my health in it.

As we never met again, I never was able to assure him how heartily welcome to it he was. Few nobler or worse maligned men than Governor Floyd ever played a conspicuous part in public affairs. Like most of his compeers, he has long since joined "the great majority."

I reached Richmond about midnight, in a

pelting rain-storm, and late as was the hour, trudged over from the hotel to the "Presidential Mansion" of Jefferson Davis, with my despatches; knowing he would be glad to see me, both as a personal friend, and for the tidings I would bring him from abroad.

I presented myself in sorry plight, my clothes covered with mud, and stained with travel; my luggage all being left behind, my boots broken, and my whole appearance anything but presentable.

I was received with great cordiality and congratulation; and we passed at least two hours in earnest talk and conference.

From an inner room, several times came the voice of Mrs. Davis, urging her husband to defer further conversation until the morrow, else his health might suffer. But he turned a deaf ear to the anxious requisitions of his spouse, and insisted on detaining me, and protracting the colloquy.

I had not seen him before for ten years, and

found him greatly changed and aged from the time when I used to have daily and intimate intercourse with him at Washington.

He seemed to me to have grown far more positive and dogmatical in his opinions, and more impatient of any contradiction or contrary suggestion. His face was furrowed and worn, and his brow contracted, as though he was suffering constant pain; which I believe he then was, from neuralgia; but his mind was as clear, and his perceptions as quick, as ever.

Of all his councillors Mr. Benjamin wielded the greatest influence over him, as I soon discovered. But as regards foreign feeling, and the probability of foreign action in favour of the Southern Confederacy, they both deluded themselves.

Finally, like an anxious wife (and she ever was a devoted one), Mrs. Davis, become concerned at our protracted vigil, slipped on her dressing gown, and joined our conference, appealing to me not to exhaust her husband's strength, by pro-

tracting my visit, as I would have plenty of time to talk to him next day.

As I rose to go, she inquired whether I had come through the blockade alone; and when informed that my young wife had accompanied me, and that all our clothing except that which we had on, was at Chattanooga, immediately said, "Poor little thing! she must wear some of mine—tell her so."

As my wife was then slight and frail, and Mrs. Davis of large proportions, we enjoyed a laugh over the proposition; but the impulse was a warm-hearted one, and we appreciated it.

After leaving the Confederacy, I saw Mr. Davis once again, before his death—at London after the war—for half an hour. May he rest in peace!

END OF VOL. I.

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